

BOILED ANGEL * 5

SATANIC SEX ISSUE!





"TAKE THIS AND EAT IT. THIS IS MY BODY." (MATTHEW 26:26)

BOILED ANGEL #5, The SATANIC SEX issue is printed & published by Michael C. Diana. First & ONLY printing of 150 copys. Please fuckin' write me & let me know whay ya think of this zine of god!!!

519 Cleveland Ave. S.W. Largo, FL 34640

How do I have sex with this zine? What is yer new video about?

THE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS are revealed below, read on!!

This is BOILED ANGEL #5, my SATANIC SEX ISSUE!! I myself only drew about six pages of my own art for this issue, there are three reasons for this, 1) I've been too lazy to draw lately. 2) I've been busy working on my NEW video (FOR MORE INFO ON MY NEW VIDEO, KEEP READING BELOW) 3) I got so many great submissions this time around that I wanted to fit them all in, notice that this issue is over 80 pages this time!!! For any of you wondering what your reading snack for Boiled Angel should be, I'd recommend a Hostess Fruit Pie & a few Millers in the bottles. This issue can also become a handy tool for jerking-off! Simply roll it loosely & cram yer throbbing hunk of gristle in the center!! Or roll it up tight & you girls ram it in yer slimy tunnels of lust!! Either sex can roll it up tight & slide it up your ass if your into that!! You can also make-up your own ideas, just keep the words "SATANIC SEX" in your mind!!!

Now about my new video project! Its called "BAKED BABY JESUS" & right now I am still working on it, I expect it to be finished in the middle of June, 1990. It will be about two hours long recorded on a high quality VHS tape!!! The main story runs 30 minutes & is called "THE SECOND CUNNING" its all about one of gods fag angels fucking Joseph the second up the ass (nothing graphic though) Then Joseph the second shits out baby JESUS!!! BUT HOLY FUCK- baby JESUS is born DEAD!!! So instead of letting the little saviour go to waste they cook him in the oven with carrots, potatoes, onions, & green peppers, roasting him to a golden brown!!! The reason for this is to have a last supper were a food fight then breaks out, chunks of JESUS go flying everywhere!!! There is even a bit of flag desecration in the film, they use a U.S. flag as their table cloth for the last supper!! Even DAISY (the cult dog of the 90's) gets in the last supper act!! The next hour & half of the film is gonna be lots of little peices put together, in one part I your dear editor is gonna take you to a few sights in the area where I live, such as a motel on Clearwater Beach that is one of the motels JIMMY BAKER used to take his whores to, this motel was even brought up in the trial that brought JIMMY down! Also we will take a tour in a cemetery to see "Baby Land" this is were all the babys are born when they die!!! I have a friend that was driving through GA. and these two girls in a car cut him off, so he went in front of them & slammed on the breaks! He went on his way to the drug store & the two girls followed him there and they got out of the car screaming that he almost killed them, there are great lines like "You almost killed us, we could have died you asshole!" its funny as hell because he was filming it all on his video camera that he had in the car with him!!! Its all real, no acting!! Then the two girls husbands show up & it really gets good, one of the assholes tells my pal "Get that CAMERA off me before I knock it out of your fuckin' hand!" my pal just says "GO FOR IT" and holds his ground keeping the camera going, unfortunately he runs out of tape before the cops got there!!! Another highlight is some photos of dead people put to the music of THE SLITS!!!

The "BAKED BABY JESUS" video will sell for \$10.00 postpaid, & will be mailed by FIRST CLASS postage! Overseas orders please send a extra \$2. to cover AIRMAIL postage! NOW BE WARNED: If you expect to order this video & see a million dollar special effects show then dont bother to order it! If your idea of a GOOD horror film is "Nightmare on Elm St." with that Freddy asshole then dont bother to order this video! You would probably be to stupid to understand it!! HOWEVER: If you like John Waters, Sleaze flicks, gore, bad acting, etc. PLEASE DO ORDER MY VIDEO!!! I want you to see it!!!! If you have a video of your own that you made feel free to send it as a trade! To get the "BABY BAKED JESUS" video send \$10.00 cash, check, money order TO: MICHAEL C. DIANA 519 Cleveland Ave. S.W. Largo, FL 34640 Like I said, the video is about two hours long recorded on a high quality VHS tape, mailed to you by FIRST CLASS postage!!! Anyone with any questions please write & I'll get back to you right away!!!!

more —>

Now I must thank all the people that sent in their submissions in order to make this little black humor zine from fuckin' hell possible!! I thank you all from the bottom of my little heart!! I also thank all you readers that keep buyin' this rag to help support it & what it stands for!! THANX!!!!!!!!

Scott Cunningham 26 St. Marks Place #4RE New York, NY 10003

Carl Alessi 26 South Front St. Saint Clair, PA 17970

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YAWN P.O. Box 134 Waynesville,MO 65583

James V. Scianna 641 So. 11th St. #14 San Jose,CA 95112

Robert J. Moore P.O. Box 591395 Houston,TX 77259

Mr. Ed P.O.Box 50454 Austin,TX 78763-0454

RETCIN PUMP 2791 Jos St. Louis Windsor,ONTARIO,CANADA N8T-2M7

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J.G.P. / Sinopsis / Hieronymous Coecke

Terrence Brannon P.O. Box87128 Atlanta,GA 30337

Last issue (#4) appeared a two page spread-"I'm so darn ashamed... that was done by both Steven Cerio & Scott Cunningham. I failed to put Stevens name in the contributors list-Sorry!!

Boiled Angels #1-#3 are all sold-out. I do have cyps of Boiled Angel #4 left for \$2. per copy,also got ANGELFUCK #1 & #2 for \$2. each. Cyps of HVUYIM #1 sell for \$2. per copy as well! SEND ME MONEY!!!!!!!!!!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SECTION.

Mike,

Another superfine issue of Boiled Angel rolls off the press- Thank You!!! "Baby Fucked Dog Food" and "The Final First Time" hit the nail on the head(the ones in Jesus!). "Room at the Top" made for some great reading too!

Thank for the centerspread twice in a row-I hope this gets me a file with the FBI!!! I hope that was a real letter from that concerned mutter- I'd like to shove a crucifix up her ass and pull it out her cunt-then dump her out in the middle of the interstate!! I love interstates and drive-ins!

I've pulled some Jim Jones stuff together hope its not to late. Sounds like its gunna be great! I WANNA SEE "Second Cumming" WHEN YOU FINISH IT!!!! Still working on "Roadkill"-finished "Skunkpussy" and the Talkin Fish" but its not transfered to video yet! Yeah Buddy glad you liked Bandana Doug-he cracks me up! What were the white pills you did with "Dead Animals on Acid"? Send some up this way! Well-lookin forward to anything you send this way-especially Boiled Angel Five! Fuck christ WITH A SLEDGEHAMMER!!!

Atlanta,GA.

Dear Mike,

Thanks for Boiled Angel #4.You used 5 pages of ALIEN METAPHORS, which I really appreciate. Its the first time any of them have appeared in print in their complete form(Bob Z has used a couple in collage form on the last issue of Bad News)...Thanks. The other two-page spread was collaborative with Steven Cerio. Wish you could mention this omission in the next issue.

I think Boiled Angel is definately one of the best zines around, and its a smart move on your part to be (1)publishing with such regularity and (2)including a special letters section. Both of these strategies are important for building a good following for your zine

I read about #5s theme and have created 3 new drawings for you, keeping in mind the specific size of your format,so these new things should hopefully print better. Hope you like them. Like you, re own work,my stuff is involved with taking the accepted myths of our culture and trying to reveal the real roots behind such images & ideas. I hope you can continue to produce work that is so revealing. It is sometimes hard,I find.

Do you ever read any "Splatterpunk" type writing. BOOK OF THE DEAD,edited by Craig Spector and John Skip is a fairly recent paperback and very good.The various writers of gore genre take off on George Romeras "DEAD" film series. The stories all have a deep, personal edge to the gore. I think you would like it.

Glad we both wound up in Roys two Vol. set. Roys stuff is also very good. You should try to get him to contribute to B.A.

Take care...Cant wait for the next assault on the senses from Largo,FLA.

New York,N.Y.

more letters →

Hey Mike

Dont sweat the child abuse thing-I understand sick humor. I've sent along TRUE TALES 1-4 thought I already sent RBW 1&2? I'll send em along if I havent. Some people just dont get sick humor. Louie Anderson talks about his father pulling a gun on the fam and people laugh themselves sick. They dont know it aint a JOKE. Im a decent stand-up myself-Keep em laughing so you dont start freaking out and crying & shit. Better to laugh than kill someone.

I really really liked "The Final First Time" It was really funny. The kiddy-stuff is too hard for me to take right now cuz Ive been there, you know? But Im not offended,I get the joke. Just for me man,it REALLY HAPPENED, you know? Anyhow gotta go. Write if you want them RBWs,or True Tales 5&6 reviewed in the next FF.

P.S. Ive told the True Tales no.1 story to lots of friends. I always thought it was funny in a sick way. Like the time my two sisters tied the 3rd one up and left her there all day. Sick, undeniably sick. But funny. Anyway, Later,

Austin,TX.

Dear Mike,

Glad you liked the latest issue of FANS OF HORROR. Your views on satanism mirror mine exactly. Religious "Puke assholes" as your glorious words put it are the real problem. Sensationalist T.V. reporters dont help matters either with their garbage. Anyway,yeah, recieved BOILED ANGEL awhile ago. Been a little busy. Heres my remarks.

Liked the letters column. Keep it. Whos the dude from Phila.? He really went speshit over it!

Hmmm. I think your response to the mother could have been toneddown a bit. I know they (as in christian high and mighty types) can be a bunch of bastards but in order for them to respect our beliefs we must respect theirs. A more proper letter may have answered her question of why you draw and print such "bad things". The story "Baby Fucked Dog Food" was gross but funny,for people in a certain stateof mind anyway (like me). Didnt really care for the short stories. I would have enjoyed more cartoons. Although "Room at the Top" wasnt that bad,though a bit long. "The Final First Time" was another fine gross-out tale. The odds and ends are always interesting to look at, but Id like less of the real-life photos. Real horror is no fun for me. Anyway,cant wait to see the SATANIC SEX ISSUE of BOILED ANGEL. Should be an interesting read.

By the way,anymore home movies on the way? What have you been up to lately? Well,gotta go. Saw your ad/review in FACTSHEET FIVE. Best of luck. Till next time,as always,Take Care,

Philadelphia,PA.

Dear FUCK HER AND KILL HER,or whatever your name is....

Hi.....You sent me BOILED ANGEL No3 and ANGELFUCK No3...

Thankyou very much....

Initially they strike you,or me,as rather tatty dross,but one does tend to familiarise with them over the days,and in the end,you,or I get quite attached to them. The Necrophilia strip was the best in ANGELFUCK,Boiled Angel contained more interest material.Especially the Ramirez article,as Im into True Crime-especially the american modern-day serial killers aka mass murderers aka sex crime...

Albert Fish page was good also...

The Oral and Rectal Vaginal Pear page was excellent...Just up my street,although I would not personally like 'that' utensil up my behind... no way...

What else do we have...The Bundy page EEEKK!!! excellent... Baby Sue comics also very good. I send to Baby Sue for more stuff..... Jim Jones alright.... Some cartoons I find abit on the 'silly' side,as I prefer more serious stuff,but on the whole,one cannot help but thoroughly enjoy bits and pieces of Boiled Angel,and Im glad I wrote you for it. I send you 6 more FACTOR X booklets...Hope they are alright for you... I think he has changed his address,now... There is a cut-up type cassette with the booklets,but Im not so keen on them,myself...the booklet is far more interesting...

I send you 10 dollars ...Send more booklets...especially more stuff containing true crime type serial aka sex killers etc.

Back issues of anything will be alright...suit yourself....

Tell me how I am on cash.I will send more if needed... Send me next issue with Manson in it if you want.I will like that,I guess.

Can you find me a copy of CO ED KILLER on Ed Kemper,for me..A book, that is... by Margaret Cheney...keep a look-out for me.If you find one,then I will send you cash for it + postage... Its near impossible to get over here....

If you come cross any audio tapes on true crime documentaries,then do let me know.I can send blank tape ,whatever...

Baby Sue says.."Could you lick this clean for me" Yummy!

Bye..... John.....

ENGLAND

Dear Mike,

Greetings from behind the iron fence. Well,they did it,the kind authorities have here at this institution have confiscated Boiled Angel #4 and declared it contraband! They sent me a nasty little note saying "Sick Stuff,mabmaybe some law enforcement agency in Florida would be interested in this address due to the funky material in the book." They cant really hurt me but maybe they can bring some heat down on you,so,take heed man.

However,all is not lost. This is not the first time this sort of shit has happened to my mail. I am writing the mail room a letter expressing my thoughts. It has worked before,they did turn overmy mail to me. if you wish toyou may also send these people a letter,in defence of yourself. If you do,use tact. HA-HA And,if I still dont get your stuff back I can send it home where it will be when I am released,soon I hope. Im really dying of curiosity now to see just what the fuck is in it! Well,take care.Strike One!

A prisoner in Tucson,AZ.

DISCIPLINE CASE REPORT

EH20 REV 7/80

NAME OF PUPIL - LAST, FIRST, MIDDLE INITIAL DIANA, MICHAEL C.			
PUPIL I.D. NUMBER 690-42-666	SEX M	RACE * O	GRADE 11
NAME OF SCHOOL Kensington High School			RM/BK 1202
IS PUPIL EXCEPTIONAL? <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO SOCIAL AND EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED (SEB) EXCEPTIONALITY			

REASON FOR REFERRAL

BEHAVIOR

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FIGHTING | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> DRUGS |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> CARRYING WEAPONS | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> PROFANITY |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> THREATENING TEACHER | <input type="checkbox"/> EXTORTION |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> THREATENING STUDENT | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> ALCOHOL |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> DESTROYING PROPERTY | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> OTHER (specify) |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> THROWING OBJECTS | |

WHERE OCCURRED

- | |
|---|
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> CLASSROOM |
| <input type="checkbox"/> LUNCHROOM |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HALL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SCHOOL YARD |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SCHOOL BUS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER: |

DETAILS OF REASON CHECKED: (use reverse side if necessary)

I CAN NO LONGER HANDLE MICHAEL - HE IS COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL AND ENGAGES IN THE ABOVE CHECKED ACTIVITIES ON A DAILY BASIS IN MY CLASSROOM. . . TODAY HE PUNCHED YOLANDA JEFFERSON, CALLED ME "A JERK OFF SLIME," THREW A TEXTBOOK OUT THE WINDOW (AFTER SETTING IT A FLAME?), INJECTED WHAT APPEARED TO ME TO BE SEVERAL "WINDOWPANE HITS" OF LSD, BRANDISHED A REVOLVER, THEN BEGAN CURSING IN A DEEP LOW CHILLINGLY UN-NATURAL VOICE, AS IF POSSESSED BY SOME DEMONIC FORCE. . .

REPORTED BY - SIGNATURE

Mr. Gomez Robespierre

DATE REPORTED

23 MARCH '90

REPORTED BY - PRINTED NAME AND TITLE

Mr Gomez Robespierre, Geography Teacher

DATE OCCURRED

every day!

MEASURES TAKEN BEFORE REFERRAL FOR DISCIPLINE

- | |
|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> PHONE CALL TO PARENT |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> CONFERENCE - TEACHER/PUPIL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CONFERENCE - TEACHER/PARENT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> REFERRED TO COUNSELOR |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DETENTION |
| <input type="checkbox"/> |

COMMENTS: **I'VE SPOKEN TO MICHAEL AND I AM CONVINCED HE IS UTTERLY INSANE - AN INCORRIGIBLE LUNATIC. . . A PSYCHOTIC DEGENERATE FIEND! HE IS THE PERSONIFICATION OF EVIL!**

ACTION TAKEN BECAUSE OF REFERRAL

- | |
|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CONFERENCE WITH PARENT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DETENTION |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLACED ON DAILY REPORT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> REFERRAL TO COUNSELOR |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SUSPENSION FOR _____ SCHOOL DAYS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TRANSFER TO DISCIPLINARY PROGRAM |

- | |
|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> REFERRAL TO JUVENILE AID DIV |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TRANSFER TO OTHER CLASS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TRANSFER TO OTHER SCHOOL |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> OTHER EXILE TO THE PAPUAN ISLANDS... |

ACTION TAKEN BY - NAME

DR W. Wilcox

DATE

23.3.90

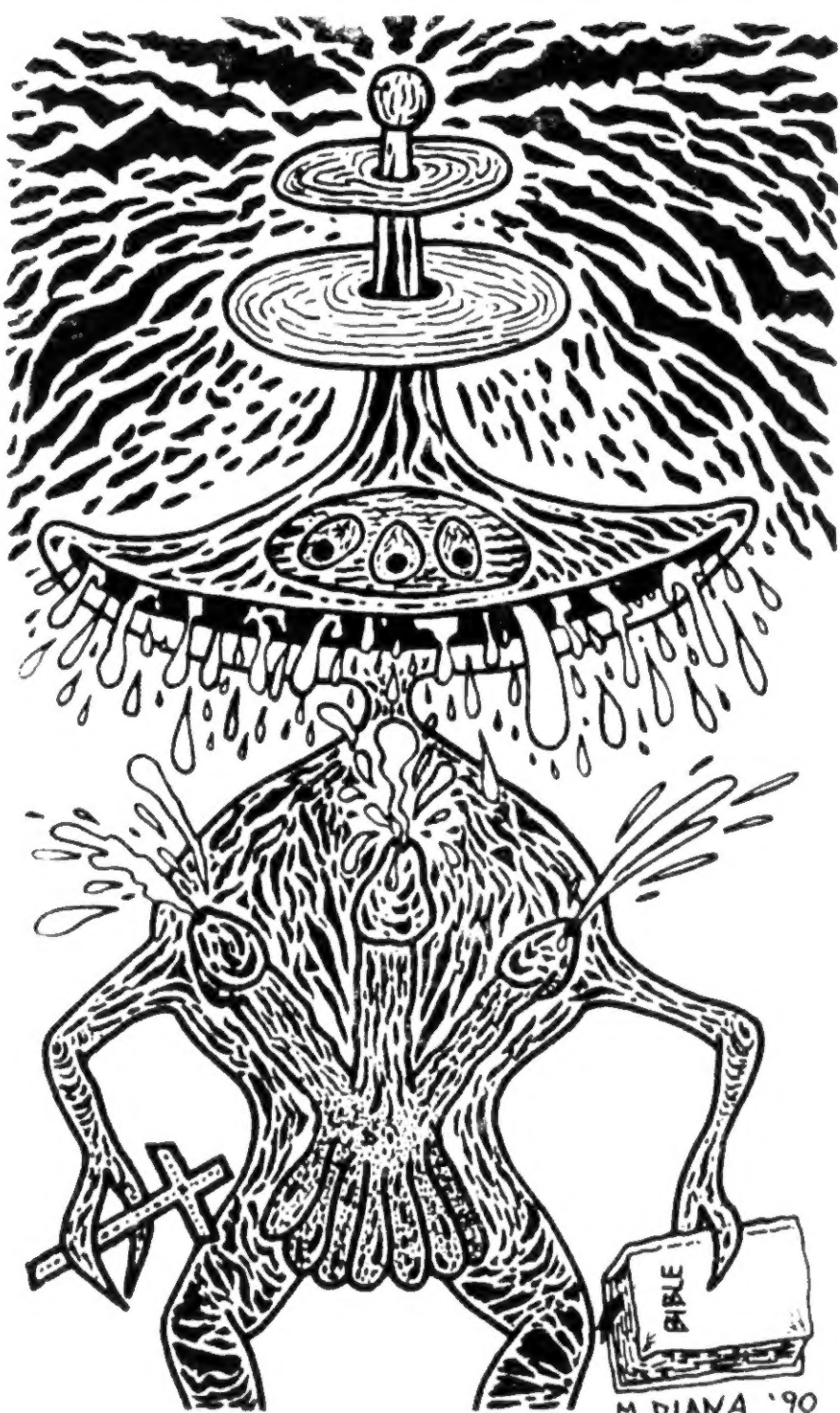
TITLE

Dean of Students

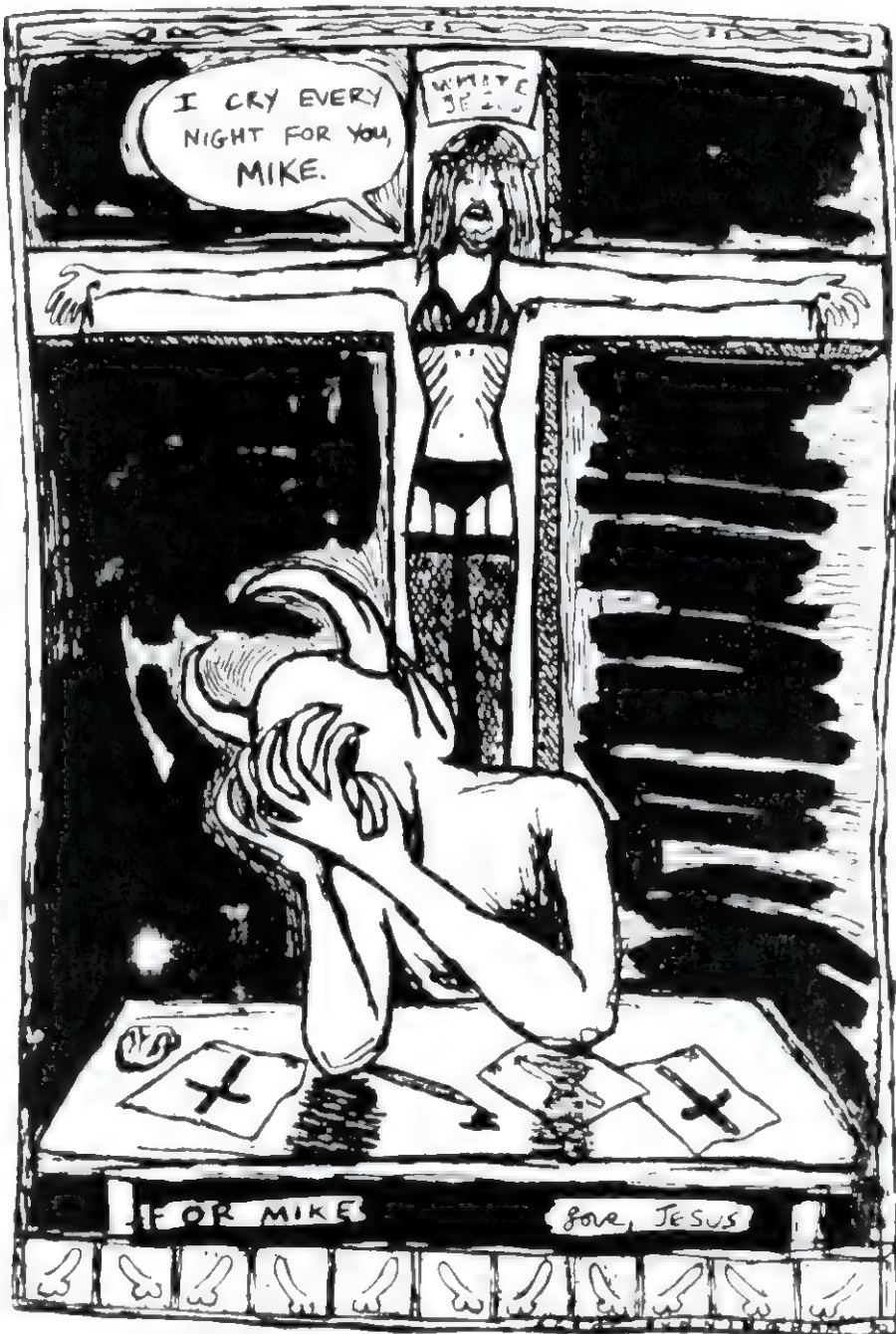
* RACE CODES

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|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 0 WHITE - NOT HISPANIC ORIGIN | 3 AMERICAN INDIAN/ALASKAN NATIVE |
| 1 BLACK - NOT HISPANIC ORIGIN | 4 ASIAN/PACIFIC ISLANDER |
| 2 HISPANIC | |





M. DIANA '90

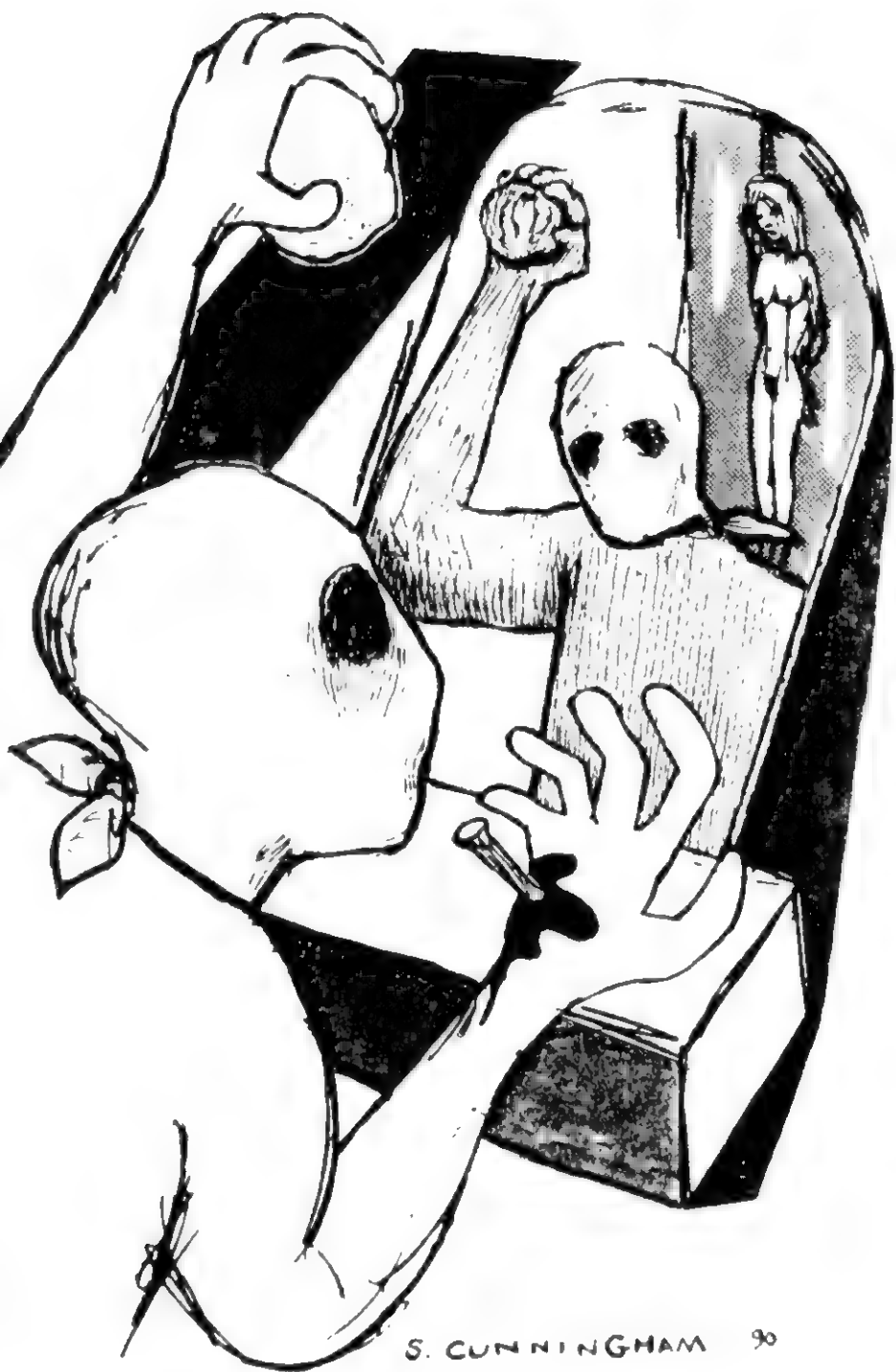


My cocksucking mother is ready to become a slave. Would you please send her an application? She likes to worship feet and perform toilet service for Black F.U.C.K. n and

FUCK couples. Your photos have excited her to a feverous pitch. She would love to kiss your feet and receive your golden shower(s).



This can be the perfect solution as to what to do with all of those bits and chunks you've been hacking off. Make him eat them. **FUCKIN' EAT.**



YOU IN THE
MOOD, HUH, HAROLD?

GO FUCK YOUR
DAMN DOG, YA
BALL-BUSTER.



Morbid American cannibal Albert Fish enjoyed a variety of dishes. The quiet painter and decorator confessed to having slaughtered six children — although the true total may have been 15. Most of the tender little bodies he swooped on were carefully cut up and stewed with vegetables. In the electric chair at Sing Sing in 1936, Fish seemed quite excited about being roasted himself — and even helped the executioner fix the electrodes



they made me a fuckin criminal
DR. ALESSI



Epidermolysis Bullosa

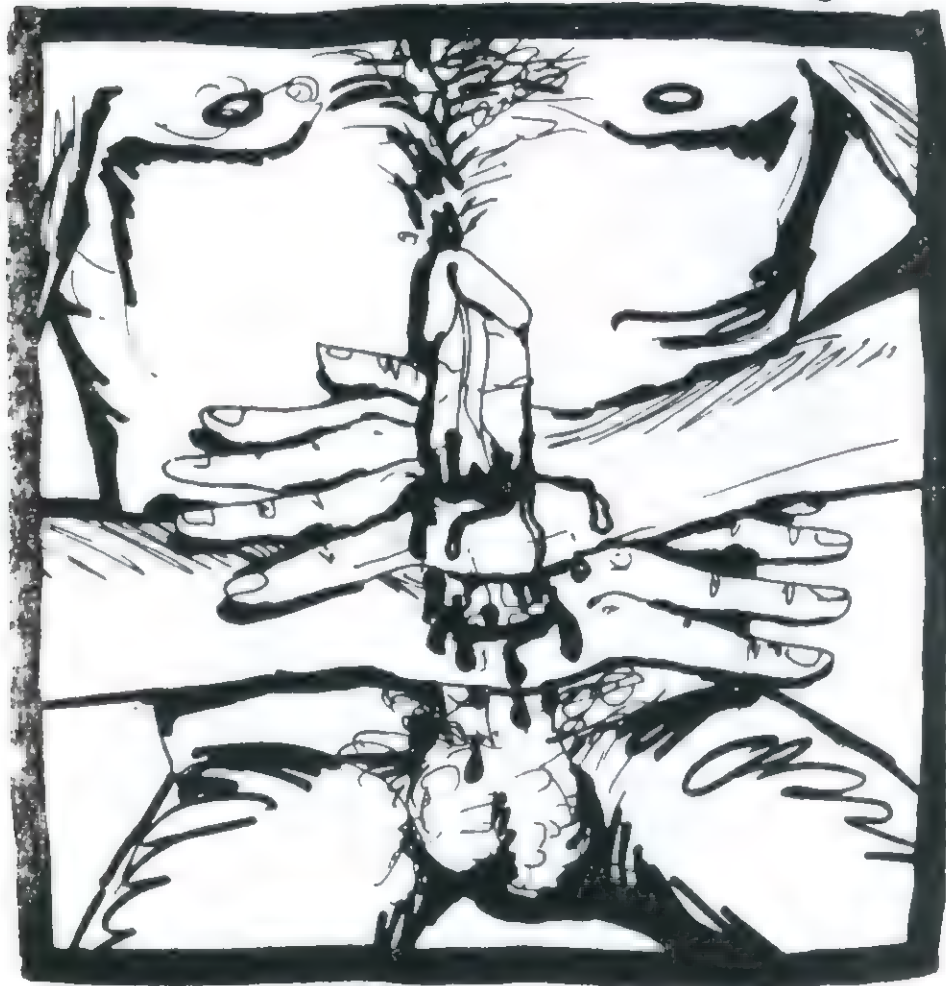
- a Seborrheic Dermatitis
- b Atopic Eczema



Hemangioma
(Anywhere)

Treatment of gunshot missile
and war wounds

Jesus Gives Him self a hand-job



©1990 SyKotic

FUCK YOU, JESUS CHRIST!
YOU MISERABLE PIECE OF SHIT!
YOU COCK-SUCKING, MOTHERFUCKING
SON OF A BITCH! SUCK MY DICK!!
SATAN IS LORD!! PRAISE THE LORD!!
HAIL SATAN!!! GLORY BE TO SATAN!!





Satan
READ S
BOILED ANGEL
to Jesus

Any type of skin lesion, such as a pimple, chancre, or other skin disease, may develop into a secondary bacterial infection if it is not properly treated. This is especially true in the case of a wound or burn, which may become infected.

BROTHERLY LOVE

and they shoved their bayonette
points into the base of
his spine and made him do it made him
tuck his little sister on his little
baby sister screamed and twisted and bit her
lip and the blood ran freely from her when he
was done and as he lay there panting
and crying they shot him through the base
of his spine piercing both victims and killing them
instantly still locked together
then they took a picture
and sent it to
their mother.

OLD LOVES

my boyfriend used to sit
with my kitten held tightly in his knees
and picture its head
being blown apart by firecrackers
stuck in its ears

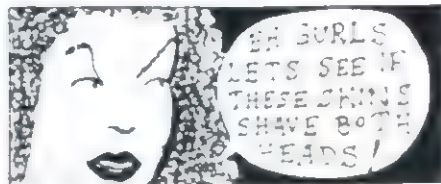
and petting it
all the while

it was an experiment
he said
to see if cats
were telepathic

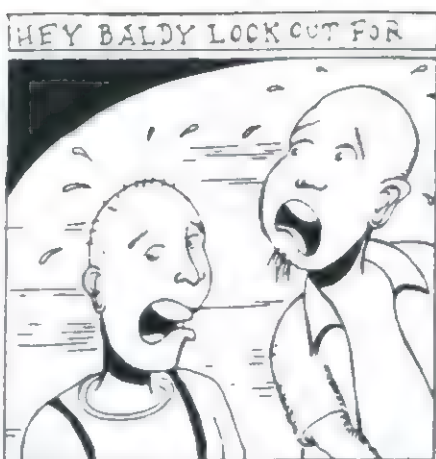
every time he came over
my cat would run underneath the table
and try to hide

sometimes
I wonder
if maybe
he tried the same experiment
on me



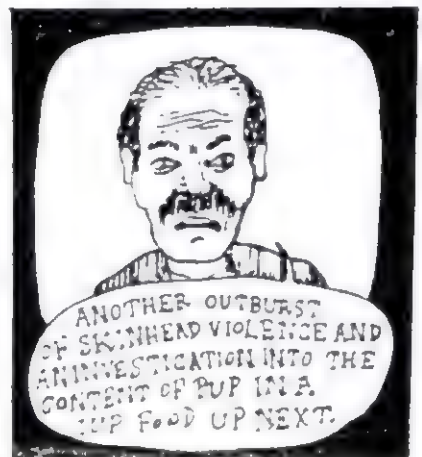
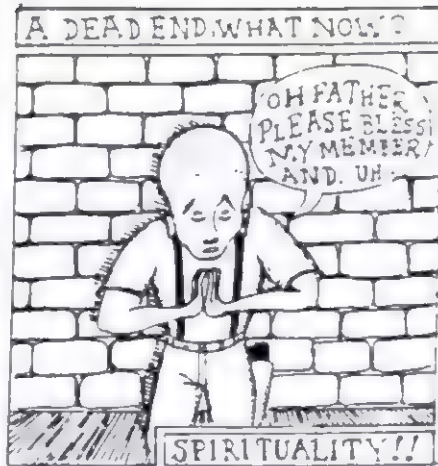


THIS WOMAN HAS...
CUT, CHOPPED, BROKEN,



Postcards and discs and tapes available from
the manufacturer only - go to it with

and BURNED FIVE MEN
BEYOND RECOGNITION...



+++++ THE DEAD MOON BECKONS +++++

I

AM



YOUR

MOM

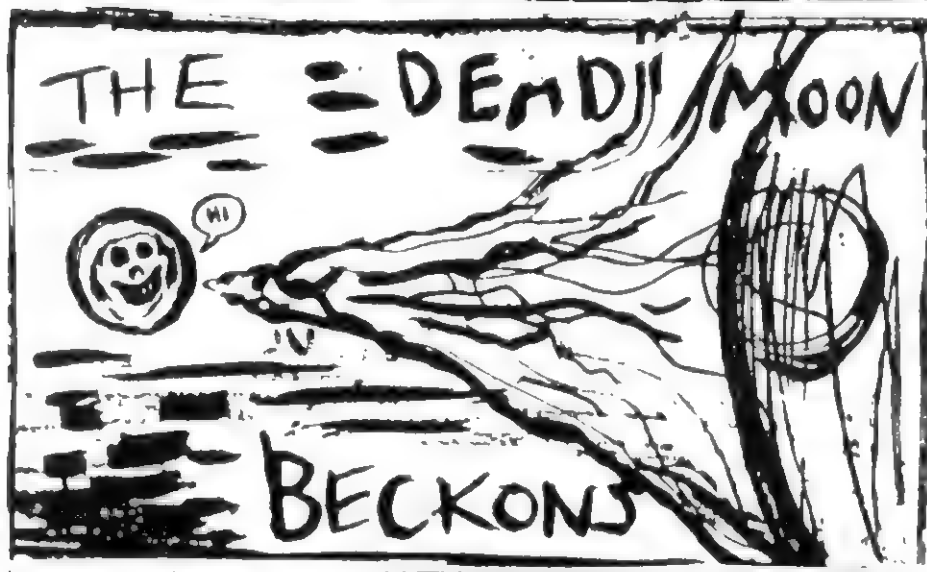
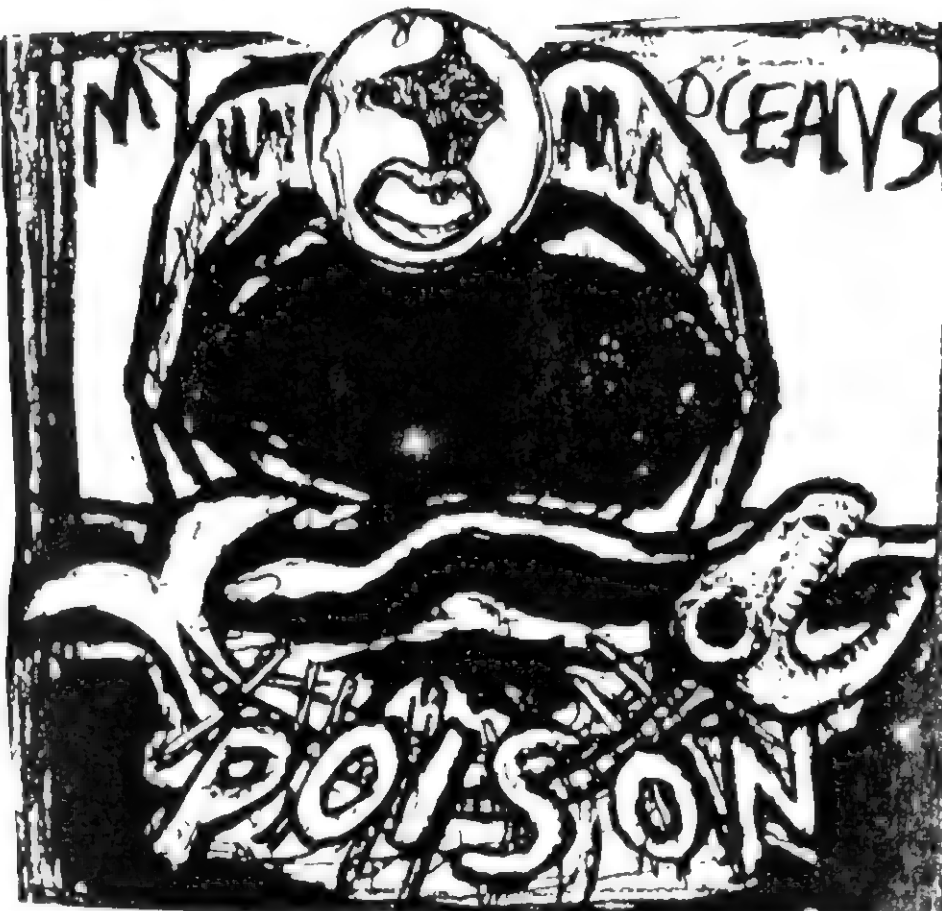
MY



EARTH



WILL BECOME A DESERT



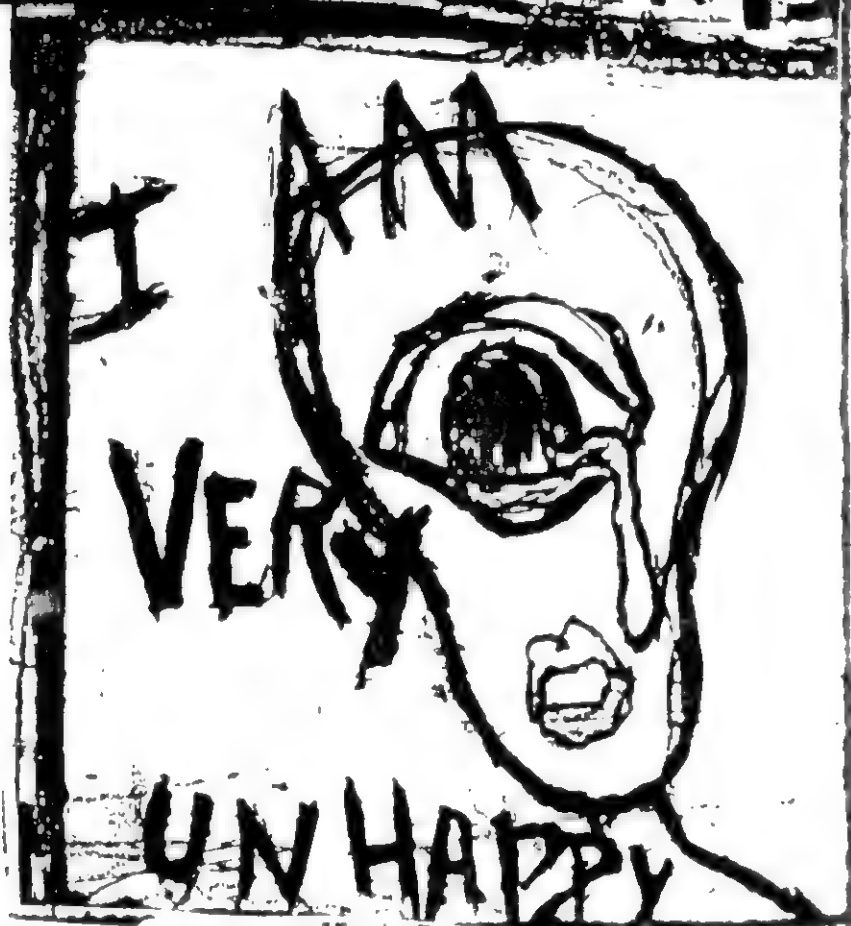
I AM
THE
BIG
HEADED
WOMAN

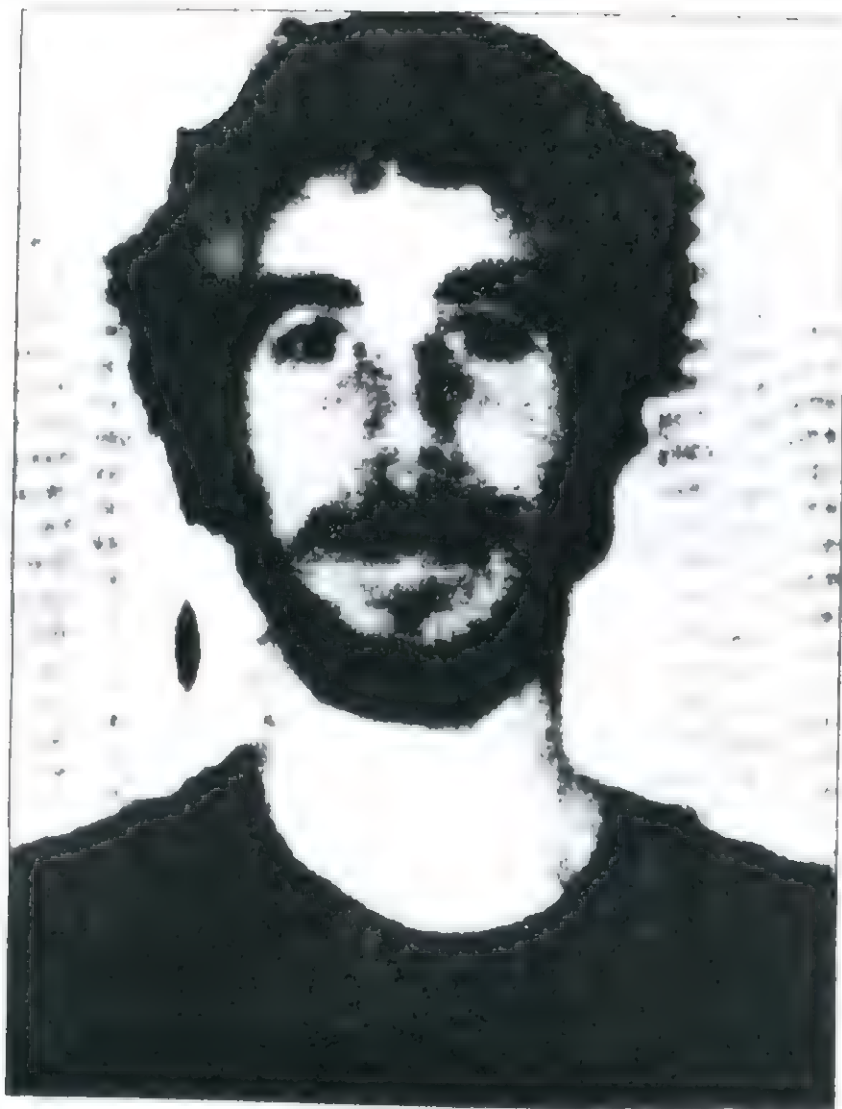
FROM
THE
FUTURE

IN THE
COMPETE

FUTURE WE
FOR SEX







CF Photo
Marc Lépine, the man who killed 14 women and then himself Wednesday evening

Gunman Shoots 26 In Montreal School, Then Kills Himself

MASSACRE

MONTREAL MADMAN IGNORED HIS VICTIMS' PLEAS

Canada gunman kills 14 women

MONTREAL — A young gunman killed 14 women at the University of Montreal on Wednesday and wounded 12 people before committing suicide, police said.

Witnesses said the man singled out women for his targets.

Montreal Police Director Claude St. Laurent said the killer, wearing a hunting outfit, walked into a second-floor classroom in the engineering school and yelled in French, "You're all a bunch of feminists!" before beginning his rampage.

Witnesses said the man divided the students by sex and sent the men into the corridor before opening fire on the women.

Six women were shot dead in the room; a seventh was killed in another room. Then the man, who was not immediately identified, went in search of more victims, St. Laurent said.

The gunman prowled the halls, killing three women in the cafeteria and four more women in the corridor of the third floor, where he then shot himself.

One police officer called to the scene found his daughter was among the dead.

The gunman appeared to be in his early 20s and was armed with a semiautomatic .22-caliber rifle.

"It was a human hunt," student Francois Bordeleau said. "We were the quarry."

Bordeleau added that he "heard the gunman say: 'I want the women.'"

Eric Chavarie, another student, said the gunman "told us to stop everything. And then when we looked at him we thought it was a joke, but he fired a shot in the air and separated us into two groups, the guys in one corner and the girls in (another) corner."

"When that was done he asked the guys to leave, he left the girls in there. . . . When he got out he leveled his gun at a group of people who were there and he shot three or four shots.

"I saw some people fall."

Senior Montreal police investigator Jacques Duscheneau said Lepine, who was positively identified by his mother, had bought the semiautomatic rifle he used in the slayings just two weeks ago.

"He first mentioned that he was doing this for political reasons," Duscheneau said of the suicide note. "As to his understanding of what a political reason is" — the police official shrugged his shoulders.



"Five (5) Million on
the brink of starvation
in East Africa"



SHOVE
IT
UP
YER
FUCKIN'
ASS,
DUMB
FUCK!

MIKE DIANA '90



At the Consecration and Elevation



Time to Murder
Your Family



HERPES SIMPLEX

LOVE IS...

✠ Blow Me, Christ. ✠



HAIL
SATAN!



FUCK HER AND KILL HER.

FUCK GOD!

BEARING SATAN'S CHILD!

Prayer 666

THE MEER SHALL NOT INHERIT THE EARTH.



Satanic Sex

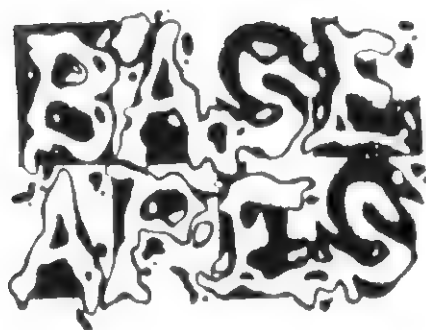


Shit on
GOD!

Evil Fun

FUCK CHRIST!





UTISEN RECORDINGS

P.O. Box 114 Waynesville, MO 65581

BASE APES

"The Orgy of Hatred" collectors EP (new style) \$3

"The Basement Masquerades"

Vol 1 "Sheer Bloody Poetry",

Vol 2 "Violence Epitome",

Vol 2.5 "A Collection of Thrash"

(all old style tapes 15 min long) \$3a

Vol 3 "Baseball" (split tape) extra

Vol 4 "Extended Orgy" (new style tape 30 min doubled) \$5

Base Apes T-Shirt (below) \$8

ILE MAUZAR

"An Exercise in Audio Art" tape

(fantastic instrumental 30 min) \$4

look out for more BA t-shirts and
UTISEN bands and compilations



True Tales

(SOO TERRIBLE TO TELL)

Address correspondence to:
No Joke Publications
PO box 50454
Austin, TX
78763-0454 (USA)

"Lullaby"

Author's Note:

Some Dad's teach their kids to say "please" and "thank you" Some Dad's play ball with their kids, tuck them in at night, tie their shoes when they're too little to do it themselves, teach them how to ride a bike when they're older, the "dad" things. My dad taught me a few other things as well.

This isn't exactly a "true tale". It is indeed too terrible to tell, so I've couched it in a chillingly appropriate lullaby, that some of y'all may recognize. I've twisted the words, of course. So hang on to yer hats, kiddies, this is the real thing.

Mr. ed

Flush little baby,
Don't say a word



No one'll believe
What they have heard

If you're a bad boy
And you tell



God will send you
Straight to Hell

Be a big boy
Please don't cry



So Daddy won't have to
Make you die

Don't tell the doctor
Don't tell the teacher



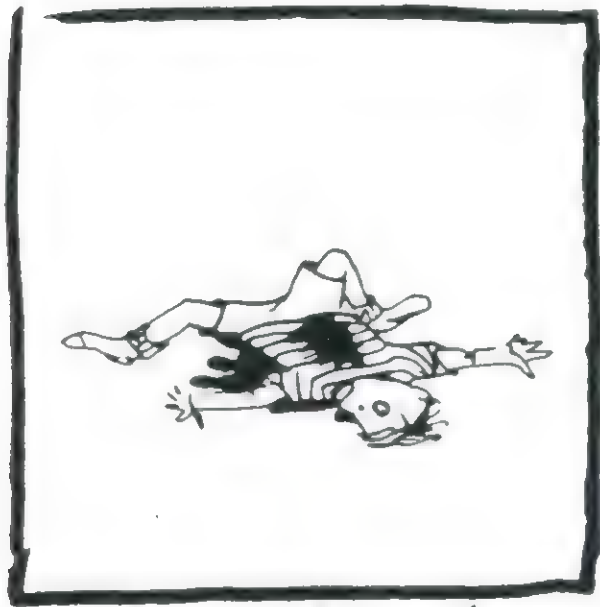
Or they'll find out
You're a horrible creature

So be real quiet
And lie real still



Or I'll kill your Mommy
You know I will

If you tell
What we have done



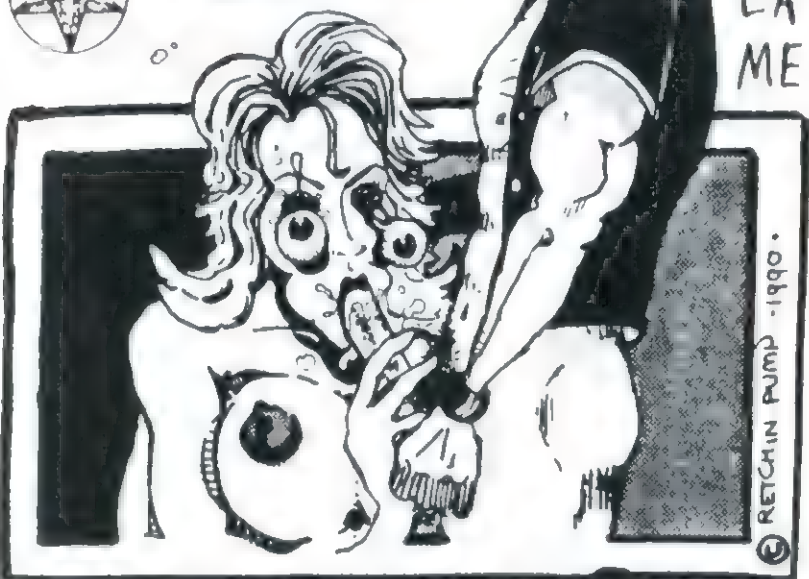
Daddy will shoot you
With his gun

So hush, my baby
I'm your friend



Doesn't Daddy always
Love you in the end?

CHRIST KILLER



EAT ME!

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FUCK • BLOWJOB •

Evil Fun



Desecrate a Crucifix.

James' temper and violent outbursts as a result of the removal of a twin from his life. The paper in the hospital was a letter from the Valley Family to Mental Hospital. It was the same night. The letter said in a simple manner, however you wanted a look at a patient against the outside of the hospital, I fear what was being called for. The letter was understood to be painful. James' life was crippled by fear, he was a child's getting into trouble because of it. James was trying to explain that every child to live with fear, that it was necessary, but it need not dominate one's life. The extent of destroying it, keeping one locked up in their entire adult life in mental institutions.

And we went

Leavis turned at the sound of a group of people stepping in their tracks on the white linoleum floor behind him. It was James' sister, mother, and father. They approached the situation cautiously. Leavis was put immediately at ease and looked at the bottom of his glass of poppy. The mother lingered in the threshold of the doorway, afraid to enter a wild animal's den. She finally walked off down the hall. The father tried his best to greet his son and bestow a few token items of the holiday spirit, all the while studiously avoiding the unwanted guest. The father's fair features slid across his pockmarked face in the tell tale rictus of a grin born more of emotion than felicity and muttered platitudinous inquiries about his son's appearance, mental health, intake of caffeine laden diet soft drinks and quantity of available sex underwear.

The mother returned, her high heels patulantly clicking on the tile floor, her face puffy and sullen, her mouth, like the falling crimson of an old scar, was turned down at the corners. She leaned over Travis' shoulder, the side away from her arm, and said sotto voce, "Travis, I really don't appreciate your presence her tonight but I don't approve of the nature of your relationship with James."

"Yes, I know, so" Travis asked.

"As his conservators, we think you should leave" she said.

"That's actually up to James, he has the right to have any visitors that he wants," said Travis.

Mrs. Everett crossed to the other side of the table and sat next to her husband. Her face looked like an old flesh-colored firm with the mumps.

"No," she said smugly, "we have the right to decide who he sees and does not see. We are his rights."

At this point James became agitated and told his mother to shut up. His sister tried to quiet him down. The parents cumbled something to each other, she finished with, "They're waiting for you to give the word," to her husband. He reluctantly left the room like a schoolboy sent to the principal's office.

A few minutes later, the charge nurse requested Travis' presence outside the dining room from the doorway. Travis refused, insisting that if she had anything to say to him she could say it in front of everyone. The charge nurse and an assistant continued to entreat from the doorway for Travis to step out of the room. Travis refused. The charge nurse finally admitted that she wanted him to leave the premises and called down the hall for someone to escort him from the building.

Travis flatly stated, "If you're calling for someone to kick me out of here, have 'em bring some body bags, because I'm going to kill the first person who tries to lay a hand on me."

The charge nurse blanched at this just as a male nurse standing well over six feet appeared. "Oh, this man needs to leave the premises," she said to him.

James reached into his jacket pocket and nonchalantly slid the safety back off his .45" automatic. They had checked his backpack, but not his pockets when he came in. James said "You see, we could better leave. I don't want you to get hurt."

The tall nurse started to step back slowly saying, "I'm sorry, you have to leave."

It was only at the time of the 1960s that the "highly sensitive" people came into vogue. The name came from the fact that they were "highly sensitive" to the environment. They were "highly sensitive" to the environment. They were "highly sensitive" to the environment.

I have a good idea of how the world is, and only if James were
 to tell me the same way, I would not have anything to say to
 him. I am not a person who is interested in making his own
 life a masterpiece. I am a person who is interested in making his
 life a masterpiece.

[illegible]

"In my own way," Travis said.

The gun exploded in the air, and from within everyone's ear came a wet, wet, wet sound, and opening up the corpse, Travis fired his brains firing at the back of the head in a crime in spraying blood. Travis turned before the corpse to the floor, shooting in the two parents who, at this point, were the only ones left in the room. Leveling the gun at them, he walked around the table separating them from the doorway. His face was freckled with blood from the forehead, the nose, the mouth. He licked the blood from his upper lip. The father's eyes peeled as the body came forward, leveled at the center of his chest.

"My Jesus," he whimpered.

"Bang," said Travis, pulling the trigger, erupting the cashmere sweater and the heart underneath it in barbed, grisly strands. "But you're going to meet him," he hissed, firing a coup de gras into the prone figure's head. Still looking down he raised his arm and fired into James' mother's stomach, sending her lurching back toward the wall and sliding to the floor leaving a smear of gore a foot wide. Travis fired twice more into her midsection almost severing the twitching body in half. Kneeling down at the bloody altar, he covered the blood smeared tracks of the gasping thing on the floor with his bared teeth, bringing them together through the tough yet ultimately yielding flesh with a soft click, finally pulling and tearing it free like a mass of wet rubber bands. He swallowed hard, sending the warm mass of flesh down his throat with a wet gulping sound. A tear of blood trailed down from his left eye as he stood up, wiped his lips, and fired into the woman's face, exploding it in a mass of gore, splintered bone. "Merry Christmas," Travis rasped.

Travis manipulated the keys that he took from the dead intern between his blood slicked fingers, found the right one, opened the door and walked outside, throwing the gun in front of him. In his head, he had a picture of himself sitting in a room of a psychiatric hospital writing a letter which read,

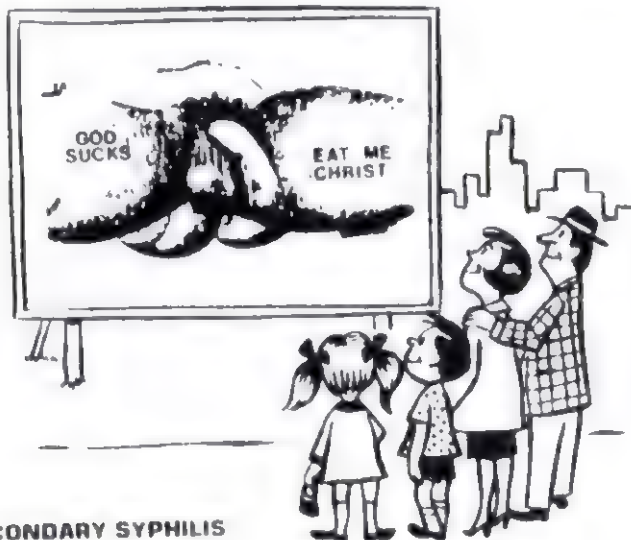
Dear Friend,

The support that you and everyone who has written me is greatly appreciated, although I can't talk about the specific details of my case at this time. Suffice to say at this time that the bleeding lamb will lift itself up from the clinging mud walk on a bit, but finally fall into a pool of blood. And what it finds there in its mind of ever dimming dreams, is that the thrill of sacrifice is never what it seems."

Your Friend,

Travis Steele

He linked his hands over his scalp and dropped to his knees just as the first screaming, lit up police car rolled up. He thought it looked like a Christmas tree.



SECONDARY SYPHILIS



to Jerusalem ahead of them. As he came near Bethphage and Bethany at the Mount of Olives, he sent two disciples ahead "with these instructions: 'Go to the village there ahead of you, as you go in you will find a colt tied up that has never been ridden. Untie it and bring it

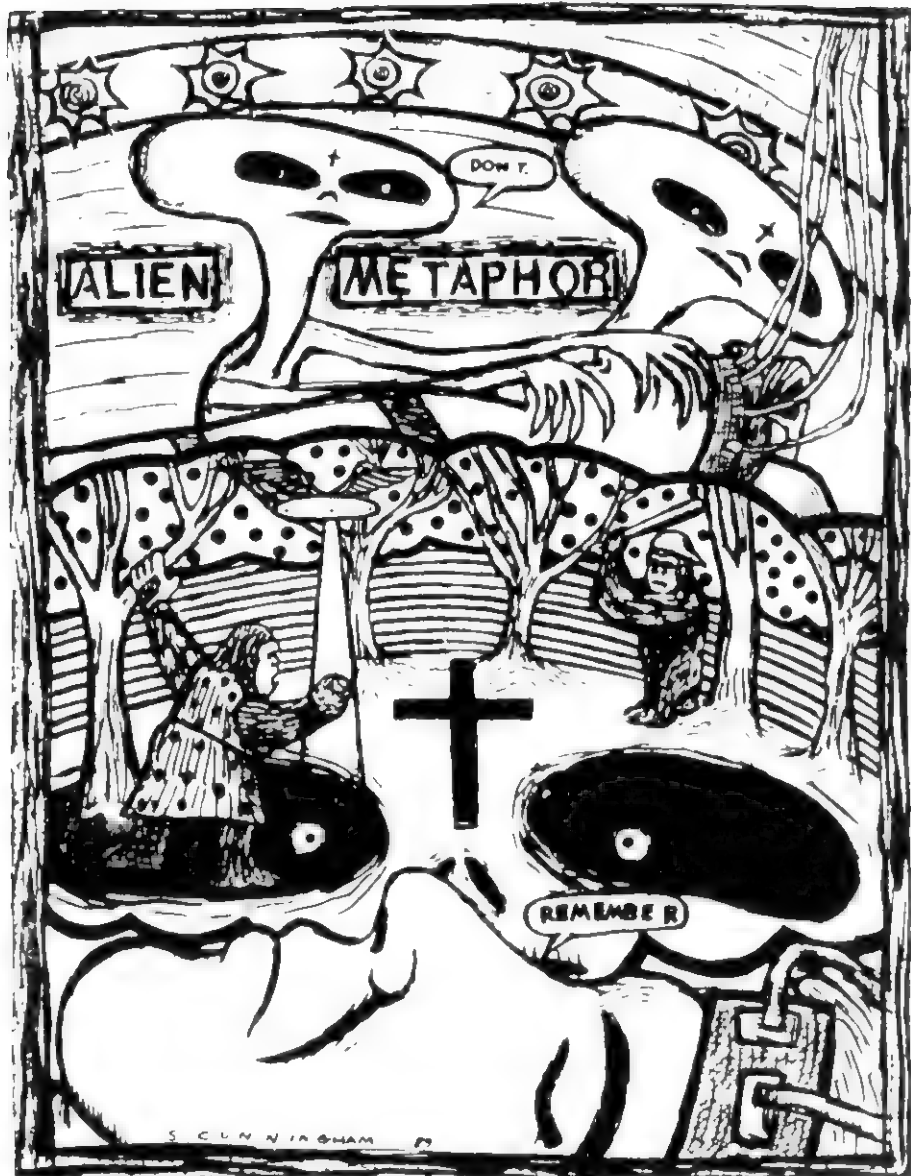
here.' If someone asks you why you are untying it, tell him that the Master needs it."

They went on their way and found everything just as Jesus had told them. As they were untying the colt, its owners said to them, "Why are you untying it?"



2 The soldiers led Jesus away, and as they were going, they met a man from Cyrene named Simon who was coming into the city from the country. They seized him, put the cross on him, and made him carry it behind Jesus.

3 A large crowd of people followed him, among them were some women who were weeping and wailing for him. 4 Jesus turned to them and said, "Women of Jerusalem! Don't cry for me, but for yourselves and your children.



Shit on a Bible.

KILL THE FATHERS

⊗ FUCK THE MOTHERS

Put the cross on him, and made him
carry it. (23:26)



My favorite name for God is

Asshole.

Urethra

Attack of the Gargoyles Collector Prints

Part I



Five Dollars: Sign Ago

R.J. Moore
P. O. Box 591395
Houston, Texas
77259 - 1395

The urethra is the most private hole of all. Forcibly shoving something up the slit in his penis can seem more penetrating than shoving a knife into his belly. Any object can be used that is unbreakable, smooth without any sharp edges or jagged points that can cut or tear the delicate urethral lining, and of appropriate size. Many tooth brush handles are perfect.

Catheters are thin tubes made for insertion up the urethra to the bladder. With a catheter in place he has no control over his urine flow. It will drip steadily unless you clamp off the hose. You have removed his control of another of his bodily functions — another blow to his self image. If you clamp off the hose he can't urinate.

MERRY CHRISTMAS



⊗ FUCK GOD & ALL THAT IS HOLY ⊗

AGAINST GOD

FUCK + GOD

19. venereal disease is a problem to
- a. The 14-19 year old group
 - b. The 19-24 year old group

Hate God

666





In pain: A monkey in laboratory experiment

He
by him

Thought he could take on anything
but when she
started
talking
about
rain
real
rain
he
won
de
rs
w
ha
t he
had g
otten
himself
in for
he had seen
the movies
and thought
it was make
believe....

CARNAGE


better, but when
you got an audience
and need a decent show
a cheap quart bottle
three quarter's full
explodes just right
and gives you something
to think about
on the way
to the hospital.

Choosing the right
you got to choose
the right size
when things are
a twelve ounce

to in a bar"
you won't win you the first
you need something
more substantial
a twelve ounce returnable
is a starting place
a sixteen ounce returnable

This is a poison
trachea



DI COLPO, LA FREDDA IRA OMICIDA CHE LO AVEVA
MINATO, LO ABBANNA...


IN NOME
DEL CIELO...
COSA HO
FATTO?!?

Anus

The anus is an infinitely more private hole and no matter how powerful his sphincter is he can't bite a finger or penis with this one. If you shove hard objects up his ass, be careful not to rip the thin skin of the intestine. You could trigger peritonitis and lose him very quickly. Similarly, any kind of sharp or breakable object should be kept out of the ass unless you are willing for death to be a likely result of the activity.

LEADING TEENS TO
Devil Worship



WITH MERCY TOWARD NONE



Cutting of cock or cunt

VICTIM SERVICES

- Assistance to obtain emergency food, housing and medical assistance
- Transportation to court, police department, social services, etc.
- Assistance to obtain Family Violence Compensation
- Assistance to prepare and submit papers for attorney, medical, food, etc.
- Referral to other appropriate services

VENEREAL DISEASES

Prostrate on the dust He crumbled.
Flogged in Bonds He re-embled
As our business, poor and scorned



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Crunchie put on surgical gloves. She dipped two fingers into a jar of vaseline, making sure they were lubricated properly. She put one finger up whiteboy's asshole. It was tight

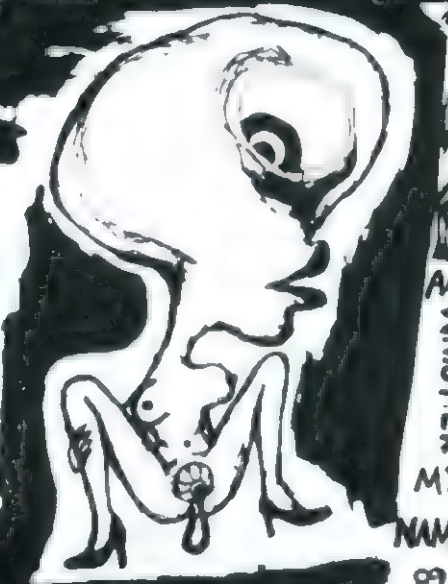
"You're nice and tight. I like White boys with tight assholes. Have you ever had a black prick up there? I suspect you'd like that. Tell me you'll love it! Convince me!"

Mucous Membrane Candidiasis

N
HE
TURE
U
LL
VE
E



2040-AD. HEARD WOMAN
73 THE BIG-



9 WHISPER MY

NAME

89

CUNNINGHAM

YES! I'M MISTRESS
CRUNCHBUTT. THE
ONE AND ONLY.

"I will allow you to serve me
Wednesday at 8 pm Don't be
late!"
"May I ask a question?"
"NO! Just be here!" Mistress
CrunchButt hung up the
receiver



FUCK IN A CHURCH.

TORTURE and Seduction



1: servants of the devil

TORTURE and Seduction



2: the coming of the devil

Fig. 8-27 Low silhouette, general and electric technique with extension tubing to the anal, the rectum, which permits the vagina to operate on the floor of the mouth to a depth of 10 to 15 in. of the table.

Have you ever taken hallucinogenic drugs?
Yes.

"Yes, for example?"

Yes.

How many trips had she made on LSD?

Oh, about 50, I guess.

TORTURE and Seduction



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3: Birthing the devil



TORTURE and Seduction



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4: Fornicating with the devil

night, the
 a deep cyclone yell feeding upon the sad of flowers of
 electric white midnight: stillness, to a mud
 dried dream, eating the softening
 then

Solemn like the ancient monk's bedtime orison, aroma
 of freshly chopped cedarwood vitreous film upon the floated
 raw transfixed form of a man blowing into a conch shell

Staccato roar of dogs, moonset fumes rising into the
 gaping expanded nares, twisting undulating like ethereal
 serpents, tickling the juicy brain, eyewhites crack-
 ing with crimsons windows to the soul-house, what shit, bedaub-
 ed, smeared with the saliva, the pus, the spit of brown toothed
 numb indolents, faces plump sallow pockmarked, mashed against
 the cool glass upper and lower lips turned outward in fiendish
 reprobate's leering unthinking greasy visage, looking in;
 looking in, gob of snot settles upon cleft of lip,
 torrential starvation, atmosphere suffused with ashy wisps
 of burning rubber, broken flowers in a fading heap,
 fingertips sliding down the clear thin hardness, cat's
 claw sweeping by in a strobe second, burning rubber stench;
 miasmic fog and poisoned gong reverberating across the incan-
 descent yellow teeth,

Waters laden with iridescent silt, gelid sunlight
 turning at the father's low laughter echoing inside the intes-
 tines, nausea of ersatz joy, emotional paralysis,
 prosthetic happiness, hope, contentment,

Free male reproductive organs rising from the radioactive
 oil like vermiform hairs as holes, pulsing abandoned time

syrup of release denied. . . gentle menace, mansuetude of the toothless marauder. . . plunging. . . hissing of the dianthus flesh serpents amplexant beneath the rotten sun smoking in perverse spurts. . .

Paper meadow torn by knifing lies. . . to grow nothing more; kaleidoscope of shredded wonderful secret passions. . .

The ardor cools. . . freezes when the glowing cadaverous meteor streaks by. . . a taste like orange rind upon the sides of the tongue. . . the primitive wanting now just crumbling totems. . . ablation of the serene long solemn stone countenances. . . ruins. . . iciness. . . gone:--the ebullient blood muscle so spectacular within the walls of hot purple air. . . gone:--beads of briny fluid upon the heaving, hard-nippled breasts. . . gone:--the utterances from spiraling throats touched by pointy tail of cloven hooved pipe player eyebrows bristling the warm ordure ejected from his rectum sniffed by curious bears and wolves. . . gone:--the nights of infinite intense variegated splendours. . . furious fulfillment. . . frenzied outpourings: gone gone gone. . .

Arid plains. . . desiccated realm, once lush and tropical so wild. . . trodden by blistered heels of defeat. . . colourless cries etched into the clay tablets and baked in hideous iron ovens of terrible shape. . .

The repudiated wallow in the morass of sick time twice removed, holes of grand monstrousness, the vacuousness of time abjured, poked into the fading tapestry. . . wine of sorrow imbibed continually. . . the resettled stumble into the pit. . . torrid azure whirlwind emerging from the cornucopia larval creatures of white sinking from the spinning mass. . . gnashing pincers, mandibles whispering buried phrases formerly mouthed by the leathery lalia of a quean submerged in a churning bubbling sparkling moat of pellucid viscid cream secreted by sweat glands,

external, of the hanging chrysalis glistening and humming with
celestial pulsating vigour ablaze amidst metamorphosizing globs
of celerically quivering solferino lava forever ejaculated in
reeking blind abeyance into the scratching of perfumed pure
felicitousness exploding in a dripping delirious void:

inchoate foetal memory banished to caves hollow and capacious
wet verdure hanging in loose tarpaulin folds--limpid organs lie
in viscid puddles sun at its apogee diaphoretic halfmad filthy
gypsy staring at you while you eat soon the sweating starts palms
forehead underarms behind testicles vermeil nipples tighten--
citron puffins swim in the humid fetid air waves spinning in-
dolently babies drool their fat squashy bodies. . . puling. . .
sickening, utterly sickening. . .

And the ecru flying squirrels sit perched on petrified
tree limbs holding in their cleanly-licked paws the bologna
sandwich pieces a drunken mooncalf asleep beneath the tree. . .
the mead is quiet. . . vermiform beasts, scaly but warmblooded,
crawl through the mead--apogee of the testicles--apogee of the
nipples--sweating scaly squirrels eat viscid bodies--wet air
holding its halfmad babies behind petrified tree--filthy organs
spinning in puddles--citron beasts asleep mead is inchoate
memory while you eat--drool hanging paws quiet drunken blind
crippled. . . eat forehead fat swim in hollow verdure foetal
gypsy oleaginous smile winking graceless spinning lie poised
upon black tarpaulin stretched taut near stream's edge. . .
floating fish corpses. . . dry white sun flickers faintly dull
. . . ticking of the ruthless inexorable deliverance god. . .
unabashed hunger; malignant wish drips down frictionless wall
like a glob of mucus--dry spinning hunger smile of the black
ruthless god--ticking of the frictionless lie- corpses floating
in mucus walls of white hunger dogs, hairless, gambol down
barrocal street of the mirror kingdom of stolen fun felicity

of iron penis priest. . . tactile smile. . . graceless bow of the perspicacious erudite monk missing both arms. . . the warren under siege: the hares gambol into sepia whirling vortex . . . wooden eyes pop! out of sockets. . . vermilion sputum in mason jars. . .

Slowmotion fistfuck, my sister, she greases her middle finger with mineral oil inserts it into my anus and commences with in out pumping, thrusting. . . her tits heaving and swaying. . . I'm pinching and pulling her stiff burning nipples she grits her teeth hisses lowers her face to my mouth lips tongues pressing licking locking teeth click! throaty gruff moans grunts eyes closed a siren blasts in the underwater distance. . .

She yanks on my dick I come all over my fist then ram it up her gaping cunt. . . pumping and thrusting in and out with shimmering cruelty and blind wanton innocence. . . reaming my jit-spattered fist in-and-out of my sister's pussy her cries cracking the smoky sheen of violet brittle and condensed for the strange clown's amusement she's shrieking the tears coming from her bloodshot eyes she's begging, "No more! No more! Please! Oh, please!"

Where do fly the milkblood bats of wasted time and fucked tomorrows?

Faster and faster, the slimy blood's gushing her features contorted with holiday romance horror. . . my fierce deluded frenzy continues. . . , my grim intense fury: "You love it! You fucking love it! Tell me you love it! Fucking tell me you love it! Tell me you love it! Fucking tell me! Tell me! Tell me!"

"I love it I love it I love it!" her nightmare bliss-barrage rocking the spent lean narrow soul, so shriveled and tired and wan, locked inside her body. . .

"Louder! Louder! Tell me how much you fucking love it! Tell me tell me tell me!"

She gazes at me, at last totally and completely surrendering to the pain, to the pleasure, to the soul saving infusion of starless, moonless firmament and white raw breath of corrupted consciousness: "I love it I love it, oh, fucking Christ, I love it I love it, I fucking love it," the words coming out in choked gasps, "I love. . . it. . . fucking love it. . . fucking. . . fucking love it, love it. . ."

I push in deep, deep. . . as far as I can go, pushing, pushing. . . getting in as far as the elbow. . . holding my arm inside her, inside her, she, impaled on my mastery! flexing my fingers, wiggling them around. . . she's groaning and her abdominal muscles contract and spasm. . . I'm digging my fingernails into something, I'm not sure what. . . she croaks out a horrific sob. . . I move my arm around, quickly turning right-to-left, right-to-left, blood and rancid juices pouring out of her like a fucking human waterfall--too much! . . jiggling around inside her a bit--then I withdraw with a resounding schlupp!

I backhand her a few times and her head hits the headboard of the bed. . . the bed soaked with slimy foamy blood and fragments of pierced train roarings carry away diseased longings so dusty and lost in twilight haze shoved in the back of the closet--

"You lousy bitch," I say, "you're nothing but a stinking lousy cunt. . . , you know that? A fucking bitch, that's all. . ."

She's bawling. . . crying. . . but no sound coming out of her mouth. . . like the volume turned all the way down on a television set I wipe my bloody, jitty, gooey hand and arm all over her big droopy jugs rub it in real good a great treat for young and old alike. . .

"You're a real bad fucking scum shit, you know that ' huh?!" shouting into her face licking the tears stink of cognac on my breath then I'm reaching for my pill vial a dizzying array of magenta fuzzy fruit scattered upon the grey crystal pampa. . .

I stoop down to pick up a piece. . . to drench the taste

ters spin upon formulated memories. ganglia land merging in the
baked centre- where they perish- sensations exiled to lair of
vibrant tastebuds- heads of natic control movement and recede
inches away from the legendary feast- intelligent vermiform
fruit- things happen- grey ones like puppets- chew the finger
nails- proverbial jewel carpet- executed- caress a limb- copper
desire- something like terror- saliva within the otiose skull
broken birds brought back- blistered gratitude- extend the teat-
bite the olivine statue- what to think- organic rope tunic-
toejam craving earns paranoia's embrace--numb hungry do gooder
stooping where they perish and are ablated--immobile dust god
in a chrysalis excreting blind yellow gritty syrup, the formula-
tion principle, metamorphosis, the internals pulsing and stretch-
ing colours fade then brighten as tubes and ducts sprout on the
inside lining of pretty purple-red intestines moving like risen
rocks sprinkled with mirrored specks scattered with infernal grace
to ride, eolian, with Eternity's babysitter flicks the tempered
switch with hard fingers, the neck sliced neatly, forgotten folks
bend in watery sheen like paper grass cut down by a power
mower. . .

Delicious?

Limb stiffens hand numbs no control no movement. . . immo-
bility. . . abeyance. . .

The lake is still and electric blue hawk swoops down,
grasping a piece of fruit (will the eyes pop out? the testis-
cles atrophy?) singing in deliberate tones. . . the tongue
collapsing. . . mouth filled with sand. . . old thoughts like
iron totems of cannibal misery. . . lovely vomit party. . .
sharp thin sticks plunged into smooth white thighs. . . crazy
osculators upon the nipples and ears. . .

The sturdy ice orgasm. A few miles of drunken hell. Soave
resistant on my sister's pussy. Sucking her inviting rash, burying

my blasting tongue. Another juice explosion. Mouth command
against my throbbing raw rigid member.

"Swallow the stuff, bitch."

"Drive it inside me."

"Fuck you. I'm running this show. Capture my blast."

My throbbing joy stick aching to thrash away inside her
fur pie. Jerking off my fiery torpedo until I swelter. Shove
my steady stem forward. The joy of her moist hairy slit. A loud
stinging climax.

"Keep on fucking my tight dignity."

"Youve got a whole lot of appeal, honey darling."

Jack-knife stabs. Joyous liquid sprays from the end of my
long thick dick. Immense sheath steaming.

"Ooooh ooooh ooooh."

"Yeah, ah fuck yeah."

My probing fingers inside her snatch flesh.

"Grind your cock."

"That what you want, bitch? Terrific. Your hot beaver
meat."

Jolting fingers. Her hot slit. Scintillating flesh pit.

"Cock-stab me."

"Vigorously."

Exquisite. Thunderous. Savage.

Slapping her butt. My steely rod. Her smoldering pussy.
Pinching and squeezing her asscheeks. Drops of white hot grease
spraying. Stroking her hair. Her head on the pillow. I take
the pillow. In my hands. The pillow descending on her face.
Away from her face. She takes back the pillow. Her sick laughter.

My sister, soaping my hard swollen cock. Her invigorating
pussy. Sliding the soap up-and down my thick dick. Rinsing it
with the sponge. Her fingers around my testicles.

"Eat my dick. Run your tongue over it. Suck it real nice."

My hot nuts. My stiff phallus. Veins bulging. The suds of love in our eyes and hair and ears. A good suck artist. Her cock pit. The thick juicy sperm. My twisting pumping dick.

Seagulls in the dull brilliant sky.

My burning tongue slicing into her anus. Paroxysms of wild sensual delight. A taste of shit. My cock. Working up into her anal passage.

"Ooooh oooh oooh."

"Fuck yeah fuck yeah fuck oh yeah."

Supercharged blasts. My finger worming up her ass. Coated with jil. A taste for her. Rubbing her cuntlips with angelica root. Against my thighs the conviction. Hot globes of flesh. Wild fire within my balls. Bedazzled. The hole. Kneeling to drink vague glorious void imploding at precisely the same moment ecisely the same moment ecisely the same moment ecisely the same moment ecisely the same

Abiotic black gelid vacuum--a void no stirring no breath no colour no light no sound-

Flaming fetidness within my heart unbeating (unbeating??) low foul miasmatic stench on the steppes of the brain unthinking (unthinking??) soft razor lick suppurating tension trauma and ultimate deceit spattered walls sing the insane tales in shrill voices overseer made of wax and ordure, I hold my kangaroo hide whip, I dominate over all, I administrate, I. . . , I. . . I see, yes, see, yes, I see. . . I see the oliveskinned girl, Oriental, she's massaging her pulsating clitoris with the ticken steaming pieces of the atelmosk tongue gliding across the lip flaring of her small nostrils tinkling of tiny bells barely audible in the recesses of upper groping spaces a black hair protrudes from an aureola of an otherwise splendid nipple,

round, so delectable hand reaching out for a tit capped with a plump vermillion conical nipple- breath hissed through teeth eyes lidded, greasy and sore explode in effervescent eruptions of change distortion mutation and final enlightenment hairy viridescentralblazing crystals hang in splintered moments of coarse vaginal time abandoned in glittering woeful electrified trashcans stationed like judgement's sugary purple sentinels upon the blistered pampa betrodde by the slaving be ringed monkeymen twitching twitching scratching sniffing the dark mellifluous vision:

Banquet for the seminal underlords tongues ulcerated stubble on the chin slices of banana bread soaked with brain's dorsal pit dogeared mummified betrayed silver dots pepper the bloated scrotal sac the hairs have frizzled into negative roaring non sequential whisperings of carved brown wooden totems blasted into furious bubbling creamy stillness shed like mongrel cur's own scales and gobbled up by the snapping maws of the blind frantic Saviour:-

Tiny spaces of creamy mellifluous effervescent miasma. . . crystals shed like cur's insane voices. . . be-ringed Oriental girl twitching in glittering vaginal shouts and echoing effusions of climactic bodysmiles. . . reaching out for a tit. . . lick the pulsing clitoris. . . tinkling of tiny bells. . . massages her soft glabrous inner thighs palms smoothing tepid flesh breath hissed through teeth. . . flaring abelmosk reek. . . slit of dianthus deliverance effuses raw musk odor of abandoned time. . .

A story to tell?!

Never!!

Dick like the snake in Eden's garden, or whatever the fuck. . . and. . . and who the fuck was is are "Eden" anyway?! 'Nobody knows' Ha! hear that, fuckheads! 'Nobody knows' for sure! Nobody!

Ah, life. . .

It talks, believe me, life, it talks: not sister

talks to me all the time. . . nice voice. . . kindly. . .
not wheedling or insinuating. . . I hear it inside the head. .

Clonque flicks whisper quick out of the slit of the . . .
head . .

Too much respectability, I'll tell you so--and I'm right!
I'm fucking right! It's a horrendous treat, at the hands of
such malcontents. . . denigration and debasement heaped on me,
yes, on me, yes. . . derogation like cow pies on an alfalfa
field Tuesday blue sky broken by war banners

"Life's boring" because you make it boring!

It told me so! Did so! Did so, the truth! Honest innuend

Told me you, youre the culprit! youre to blame!!

From that first suck of the tit I knew -I knew!!

Knew youd fuck it up knew youd throw the wrong card at the
crucial moment knew youd bitch and complain, that's all any of
you know!--that's all any of you know how and what to do!!

Phonies! Swine! Hereticals! Cheapskate liars! Swindlers!
Vermin! Scumbags!--Fucking jackals!!

Dont have to ask how it is was were will be -I know what's
being thought. . . what's bein' think. . . what will be thunked. . .

You, yes, you--youre a fucking loser--

Well. . . welcome to the club -neighbor!!

You see, me and you, we communicate; we "groove;" we "un-
derstand" each other, yes, we "know" what's "really happening".

Hey there, cats and kittens! Welcome to the
Dimwit Annual Picnic. . . c'mon over here. . . we're feasting
like Roman patricians, swilling down the wine and slugging down
the beer . . . tearing into those chicken legs, mouths full and
satiated; tried cold hunks of meat. . . yum yum, what a treat!
Slap s'more ketchup on that burger, take another helping

of potato salad, and for gawd's sake, hurry up and get in line, that slaw's gonna be history in a few seconds. . .

It's the dance of the dead, and the shrouded mother in green drab livery parades before us, the royal gathering, yup, that's us, bunch of lovers we are, regular epicures, assembled in the dusty plastic national preserved forest, the pond so still, whilst the underwater abortion smolders in thyme and powdered coriander. . . crisp delectable sin. . . bottled vanities in blue opaque cannisters. . . tangerines and pancreases swish by dry achromatic eyes and explode spattering glass jack straws with decimal grated cheese somewhere in Palermo, Sicily, our planet in a haywire weenie-eating contest pellucid milkyway balustrade hands greasy sliding upward fibre mice gnaw steaming camphor nuggets made electric by the Dilaudid-addicted coroner who was accused of divesting in public wriggling his penis for the little girls cooking squash cooking drupes after smearing orris root and comfrey powder and Humphrey's Black Salve on the heaving breasts of my sister mainlining her virginity lost willows flexible iron rock slowly teagarden kisses on a sunless late afternoon in December my cock and balls. . .

The world. . . our world. . . 's nothing but a nasty huge suppurating pimple on the ass of the universe. . . a boil on the balls of reality. . . coming to a head, fast! look out! dont get caught in the gushing geyser of pus in case God decides to give us a squeeze!

Fucking city is full of lepers. . . scumbags. . . freaks . . . lousy deranged weirdoes seeking out a fix. . . everybody has his drug of choice, his anodyne. . .

Dissolute zombie mutants roaming the streets, their arms outstretched like sleepwalking frankenstein's monsters. . . all the riffraff from time immemorial. . . spuked out the ass like a soft fat turd. . . big dicks swaying to the phony cante

right back. . . pretend to look at the welfare line. . .

"I have already decided."

Well, of course! why shouldn't you? You're fucking welfare
in Cuba! Get the cash that dough -- I steal it! . . . transient
bullshit existence for the working man -- you can identify with
that, can't you? the working man, that is. . . he busts his
balls, they lap up the shit! . . . a fine strong wind blows the
shriveled nuts away. . . the dried up scrotal sac. . . up the
street! . . . down the street! . . . whoa, brother! dont bother run
ning or chasing, nope, dont bother, it aint worth it, nah, dont
fucking bother. . .

Assuage the agony: hol! pop a few Percocets, a few Valium,
a Tuinal, wash it all down with some cough syrup. . . add a half
pint of cognac: voila!: a cure for the madness of the modern
world! And in the comfort and privacy of your own abode yet!

"Life sucks!"- this apothegm from the mouths of the dis
gruntled whining jackasses. . . , them with their gold chains
and ugly little foreign cars racing around and around and
around the city. . .

Sure, life blows - because you make it that way, I cant
stress that enough. . . lack of intelligence. . . , cultural,
spiritual bankruptcy. . . no definitive goals. . . living life
without a purpose or even a shred of meaning. . . lacking even
the meager crumbs of design. . .

Sad, no? well, fuck it, not much can be done to assuage
this deteriorated state. . . so. . . join the party!- a popular
rallying cry! . . . what a tenuous maxim! . . . fodder for human
livestock!

Why express your true sentiments, why? Surrender: let them
toast off their horseshit ruminations, squinted at, by you. . .
you hate 'em and you love it, really want it anyway. . . the
fathers and guardians of the New Age. . . embrace them, dick-

head! they're your people! with their inane ideas and items and idiosyncrasies get their life breathed into them with the help of the fetid miasmic air gushing out of your blackened lungs. . . stink of menthol cigarettes and automobile exhaust and factory smoke. . . how chic!

Telltale aporrhoea of human ordure, urine, regurgitate. . beer and marihuana fumes. . . shrill, eardrum-searing noises from portable jukeboxes and headphone sets. . . a plethora of appalling colours, abominable stinks, and wretched voices. . .

Join the party! Get your carmel-dipped foetuses on a stick! rolled in crunched peanuts! hoorah! hoorah! hurry up hurry up!

Let your ramshackle houses disintegrate. . . 's long as you have your satin jogging suits, eighty-dollar sneakers, gold rings, obtrusive little Japanese cars. . . be really cool and knock up a few broads:--nothing like a world teeming with loud, filthy, ravenous morons. . . "The City As-Giant-Ashtray," humongous spittoon. . . , the planet as monumental lavatory--where the janitors are always too drunk to clean up! . .

The Lizzling Rapture: Candy crystal ice sheathed dagger like in the void(black; gelid)'s hip rogue crevice magnet slime cake cacaphony be one with all cantiers of the stud god huge slicing through the layers of cerulean tangible wisp. . . broken slavering dreams lie raped upon the alkali flat. . . ghostly ideas. . .

DWARF GOBBLES 46 APPLES IN 1 HOUR

Little Jimmy Robin's 8th birthday party turned to tragedy when his mother Linda found him squashed to death under an automatic garage door at the family home in Worcester, Mass.

when the lights go out, the secret children emerge, swallowing veins of dark grey mist. . . their rigid bodies struggle through the sod. . . theyve forgotten the melting spit they are reform, dumb with desire

butterflies squealing like stuck pigs in remorseful swooning darkness strangling the divine shadows. . . the past is paralyzed; the present recoils. . . I sink deeper into my own horror

the red morning and the rusty birds pick at the blanched bones of love silver icicles pierce my soul like a robin pecking at a worm

gasping for ideas and following the darkness. . .

My fingers roam through her hair, I press my face against her bloated, gravid stomach. . . feel the sloppy flesh of parturition. . . her quiet wet lips. . . the root is planted firmly in the skank paradise. . . my painful peculiar intensity licking the sweat off the tiny winged backs of flies whilst they cover a freshly laid log of shit

My delicate sweet child, sleeping now within her belly, the gate of heaven closed and chained. I'm a magic bastard who chases his own tail. My existence. Her existence. Dense enduring cold trembling silence barking down through Infinity's corridor . . .

Her secret beaten whispers. I slap her fat gut the lovely nightmare lurking within her. . . , kicking and rumbling the fringe of reason--she's scratching at my face, tearing away the befouled layers of my bitter festering dream. . . I am condemned I am beyond redemption I am lingering. . . my heart spews the white blood of perverse laughter dead energy fueling my splintered foaming soul I bite her distended navel-

(obfuscated scene: Shown on a raised, peeling yellow wall: Two cool, hair is naked bodies upon a bed, a woman's hair spread draped over it, saturating haze of dust enters through the room brown organza fabrics lie upon the floor, antlers glistering of eyes staring into each other hot index finger upon red wet lips cloaked in blue incense smoke silence then vermiform vacuum cleaner hose stuck up the sex orifice of Oriental girl a single black hair protruding from an areola flick of the switch, . . . flutter of birds' wings through sky sunlit but heavy with debris and automobile exhaust. . . black tongue licks left cheek of screaming writhing hysterical Oriental girl)

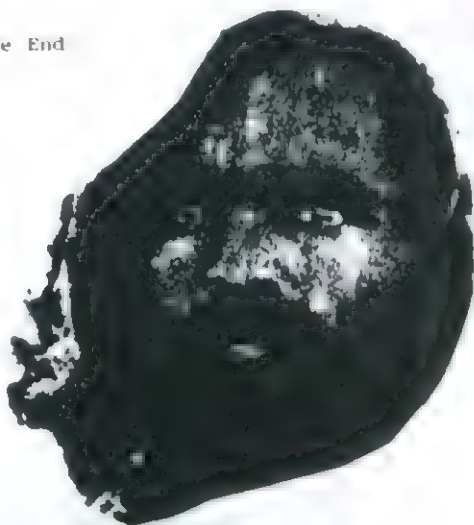
NEW BODIDHARMA raises the bottle to his lips Malacoda wipes his mouth with back of hand and reaches down to pull the plug from the socket ()

Antlers of ice. Black slime cake. Cerulean wisp. Tangible crystal vaqitus.

I bite the cord.

The End

CHARLIE'S HATE LIST. It was rumoured that Manson kept a secret list of future targets with graphic details of how he was going to "deal" with them. The full story never emerged but certain prisoners who shared jail cells with members of the Manson family on trial testified that the hate list was a frequent source of conversation amongst them. Most of the hatred seemed to be directed at the rich and famous for whom Charlie invented crude tortures.



HEY WIMPS!

It's GOD VOMIT ZINE

SICKO'S
UNITE!!!

A totally sick, depraved rag dedicated totally to

TOTAL
CARNAGE

ION,
U.C.T.

As of May 20, ('90), I'm moving back to the Houston area (where I belong!), so from then on you can all write me at the address at the bottom of this flyer. Also by that time, GOD VOMIT 'zine #1 should be out. It's an entertainment 'zine centered around demo/vinyl reviews (tons of 'em), and issue 1 also has a mega amount of interviews (Dead Horse, Impetigo, Serkate, Exit 13, Devoid, Social Saelet, Mammalughter, Nuclear Death, Macro-Schizmo, Splatterrosh, + lots more) art, ad's, comics, splatter flicks, concert videos, out-of-print vinyl/demo's, etc. Lot's shit for just 4.00 pp (U.S. money only).

I also do CRIME SLASH horror/gore/exploitation flick 'zine. 90 out now with Trap Them and Kill Them, Spellbinder, Last House on Dead End Street + 16 more, only 1.00 (\$1 is in the works). And SHAME SHOCK 'zine, which is in the works. It's a smaller 'zine that has everything CURRENTLY doesn't. It's centered around 'zine reviews (all music, film, art, comics, etc. 'zines) but is also loaded with interviews, demo/vinyl reviews, scene reports, show reviews, art, etc. All 'zines must get a guaranteed review + a copy of whatever issue it's in. I'm also doing 2 comp tapes 1) an early 80's hardcore/peack tape and 2) a grindcore/death metal tape. #1's about finished, I need more bands for #2. I also help out some at EPP. I'm the only alternative radio station, so my music sent you a chance of being played on there. So send all tapes, records, videos, gore movies, 'zines, art, comics, scene reports, show reviews, etc. to my new address: JASON/643 TONY LN./CORRUM, TX. / 77381/USA. I also love to trade tapes, flyers, and videos.



SLAY
OBEY
YOUR
MASTER!



HUMAN
Die!
Die!
HATER

DIE CHRISTIANS!

Kill
GOOD
Guys!

BOOILY DISMEMBER MEN & !!!



KB



GET IT...

WRITE TO:

HYPERDELIA

9 ASHTON RD.

MEDFORD NY

11763



Five bodies unearthed in Ohio

KIRTLAND, Ohio — Investigators unearthed four bodies Thursday near a barn on property once occupied by a religious cult, bringing to five the number of bodies discovered at the site in two days. The bodies were discovered about 1½ miles east of Kirtland after authorities received an anonymous tip. Fire Chief Richard Martinick said None of the victims was identified.



HAIL SATAN!

Crodie Cap

You're a Virgin
No more, Blessed
Mother of Mine!
Alleluia!

Isn't this better
than sucking cock?
I'm so proud of you
My Son! Alleluia!

WANTED CATTLEGALLSTONES BayWorld
pays top \$\$ - Provides consistent, reliable
service - (See Sept. 88 MEAT PLANT pg 50
for information) Call Leland or Bradley at (415)
222-0000 ~~222-0000~~, San
Francisco, CA 94103





HAIL MARY, FULL OF DICK!
THE LORD IS IN YOU!
BLESSED ARE YOU AMONG WOMEN!
FUCKED BY THE FRUIT
OF YOUR WOMB, JESUS!

You can also work out a castration, beginning by piercing the scrotal sacs with pins and/or burning them with flame. Move on to skinning, carefully removing the skin from his penis and/or stripping away the scrotal skin leaving the testes attached but fully exposed. Instead of hacking the testes off, impale one on a knife point and slowly slice it open. Or slice away small chunks of penis and/or testicle proceeding slowly, cauterizing each newly cut surface with a hot iron to prevent the loss of too much blood. In this way you can draw out a simple castration to last for hours, though you'll probably spend quite a bit of time reviving him, too.



Fuck
Granny
In
THE
Mouth

[illegible]

HOT & HORNY
JESUSUCKSHIT

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Check the best answer in the following

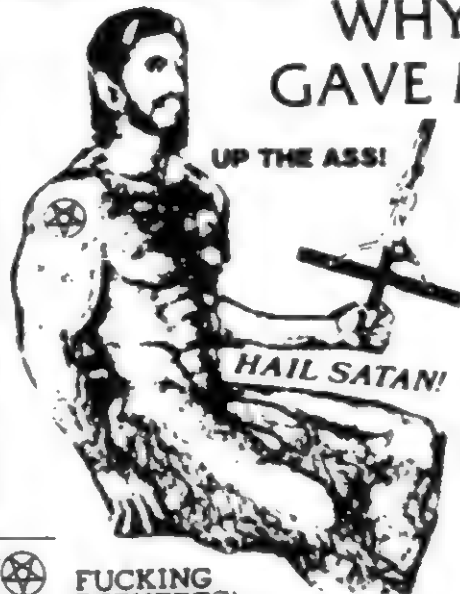
1. An unborn child can get syphilis from its
 - a. Mother
 - b. Father
 - c. The family pet
2. A blood test is used to tell if you have
 - a. Syphilis
 - b. Gonorrhea
 - c. AIDS
3. A baby is most likely to get syphilis from which family member?
 - a. The sister or brother
 - b. The father
 - c. The mother
 - d. Grandpa
4. Once you have had gonorrhea
 - a. You can get it again
 - b. You cannot get it again
 - c. You cannot get it again if you get treated for it
 - d. Suck cock
5. Symptoms of gonorrhea
 - a. Are more likely to be seen and painful in the male
 - b. Are more likely to be hidden and painless in the female
 - c. Will be fun
6. Syphilis can cause the most damage to the body of the infected person
 - a. During the first three months he is infected
 - b. More than two years after he is infected
 - c. Between six months and two years after infection
 - d. First 2 minutes
7. Vaccines are now available for protection against
 - a. Neither gonorrhea or syphilis
 - b. Gonorrhea
 - c. Syphilis
 - d. Fuck yourself
8. Syphilis and gonorrhea
 - a. Are different stages of the same venereal disease
 - b. Can both infect an individual at the same time
 - c. Do not infect the individual at the same time
 - d. Are better than AIDS
9. Blindness, crippling, and breast disease may be caused by
 - a. Syphilis
 - b. Gonorrhea
 - c. Both gonorrhea and syphilis
 - d. To much sex

- 10 A venereal disease is most likely to be gotten from
- Toilet seats
 - Door knobs
 - Sexual relations
 - Infants
- 11 The best way to prevent venereal disease is
- To use safeguards
 - To refrain from intimate skin to skin contact
 - To know your sex partner
 - Just fuck sheep
- 12 Newborn babies have medicines put into their eyes to protect against blindness from
- Either syphilis or gonorrhea
 - Gonorrhea
 - Syphilis
 - Needles
- 13 A person who has been told he has a venereal disease by his doctor should
- Tell his employer
 - Tell his sex contact
 - Tell no one
 - Kill themselves
- 14 The chancre in syphilis disappears without treatment. This means
- The person has recovered
 - The person does not need treatment
 - They were hungry
- 15 Syphilis and gonorrhea
- Can be cured and the damage to the body repaired
 - Can be cured but the damage to the body remains
 - Can be cured only in the first few weeks
 - Yer fucked
- 16 If you suspect you have been exposed to syphilis or gonorrhea, the best thing to do is
- Tell a doctor
 - Go to the local druggist for treatment
 - Wait and see if any signs appear
 - Be thankful
- 17 The symptoms and signs of syphilis and gonorrhea
- Are almost always noticeable
 - Are usually hidden
 - Are usually painful
 - Are nice looking
- 18 If infection from gonorrhea blocked the seminal duct in the male and the fallopian tubes in the female, he or she would become
- Arthritic
 - Sterile
 - Insane
 - A real asshole

CUM WITH SATAN

O, LORD JESUS, I WANT TO EAT YOU. I WANT TO EAT YOUR BIG, FAT COCK. I WANT TO CUT OPEN YOUR SCROTUM AND EAT YOUR BALLS. I WANT TO CUT OPEN YOUR CHEST AND EAT YOUR SACRED HEART. I WANT TO GOUGE OUT YOUR EYES AND AND BITE OFF YOUR TONGUE. I WANT TO DECAPITATE YOU, DISMEMBER YOU AND DISEMBOWEL YOU AND HAVE A BLOODY FEAST OVER YOUR DEAD BODY WITH MY BUDDIES FROM HELL.

WHY GOD
GAVE ME PAIN



666



Castration

PISS ON THE HOLY SPIRIT

FUCKING
PERVERTS!

EAT, DRINK AND FUCK MARY, FOR TOMORROW YOU FUCKING DIE!

THE MISADVENTURES of JESUS the CHRIST



NO SMOKING
AREA

by Court Zee

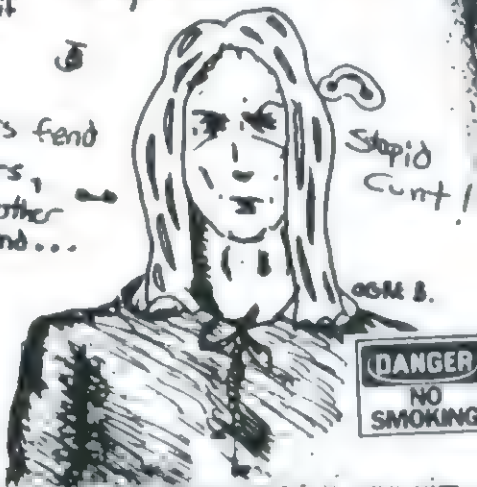
NO SMOKING

No Smoking



Why, Hello Jesus. You
can be next if
you like...

Let the others fend
for your favors,
Mary - I've other
matters at hand...



Stupid
cunt!

COM 8.

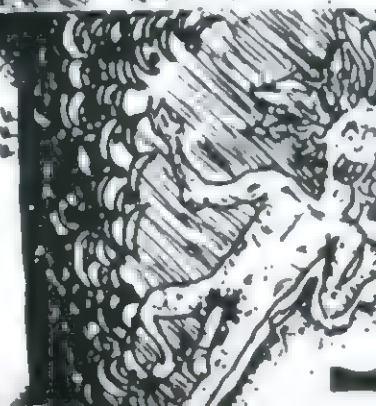


No Smoking

DANGER
NO
SMOKING

... Under the Sycamore
tree the teacher
lifts his spirits
And sees
visions...

...dreams
dreams...



NO SMOKING

yes, Satan, this is great, I... I Love to...
to make you suffer... I have... plan
for you... yes... I want you to suffer
a lot.. but it's what you want
bitch... am I right bitch?
Answer me!!

I... hate you... no, no..
oh... yes!

I... know
you... hate...
me... but
you... you
like it...
yessss..

No... No..
YES!



**NO
SMOKING**

unrelenting Nightmares...

FFF



Ok, mutha-fuckers.. the geek
dies of a fukin heart
attack - are you satisfied?

who
cares

The point here is - it's all a
lie, made up by fukin junkies,



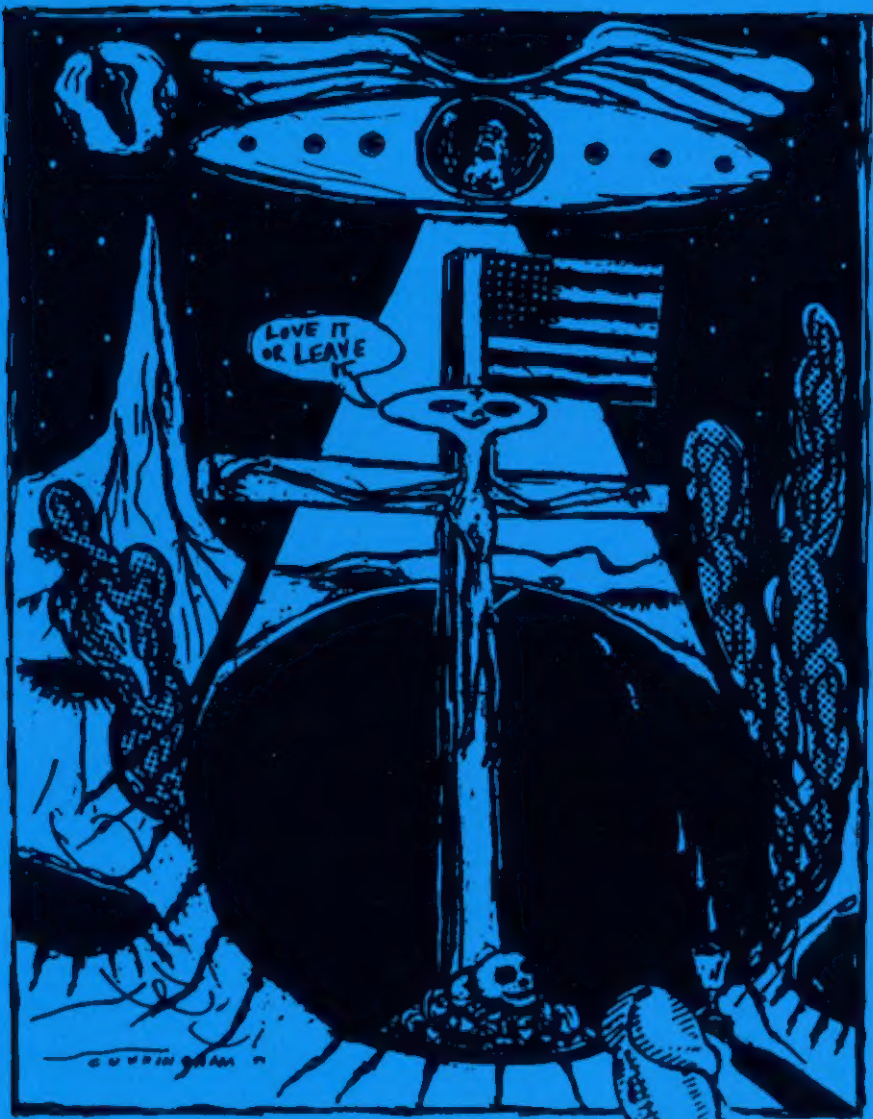
ok - so wake
the facts :

that good people

edgers go to hell & altruists go to mutha fukin
hell & 2.) It's perfectly fine to molest children,
rape, mame and murder as long as you do it
in the name of christ. What the hell do you
think of that? 3.) Church steeples are
phallus symbols & 4.) mohamad has many
many, more followers than christ - shouldn't
you brain dead fuks follow the God with the
most followers? I would if I was as ignorant
as all of you.

wanna burn in hell? Then come on down - if
not... learn to face reality. False religiosity
is the path to hell on earth. Hail, Black Horsemen





Cradle Cap

Intertrigo &
Diaper Dermatitis

